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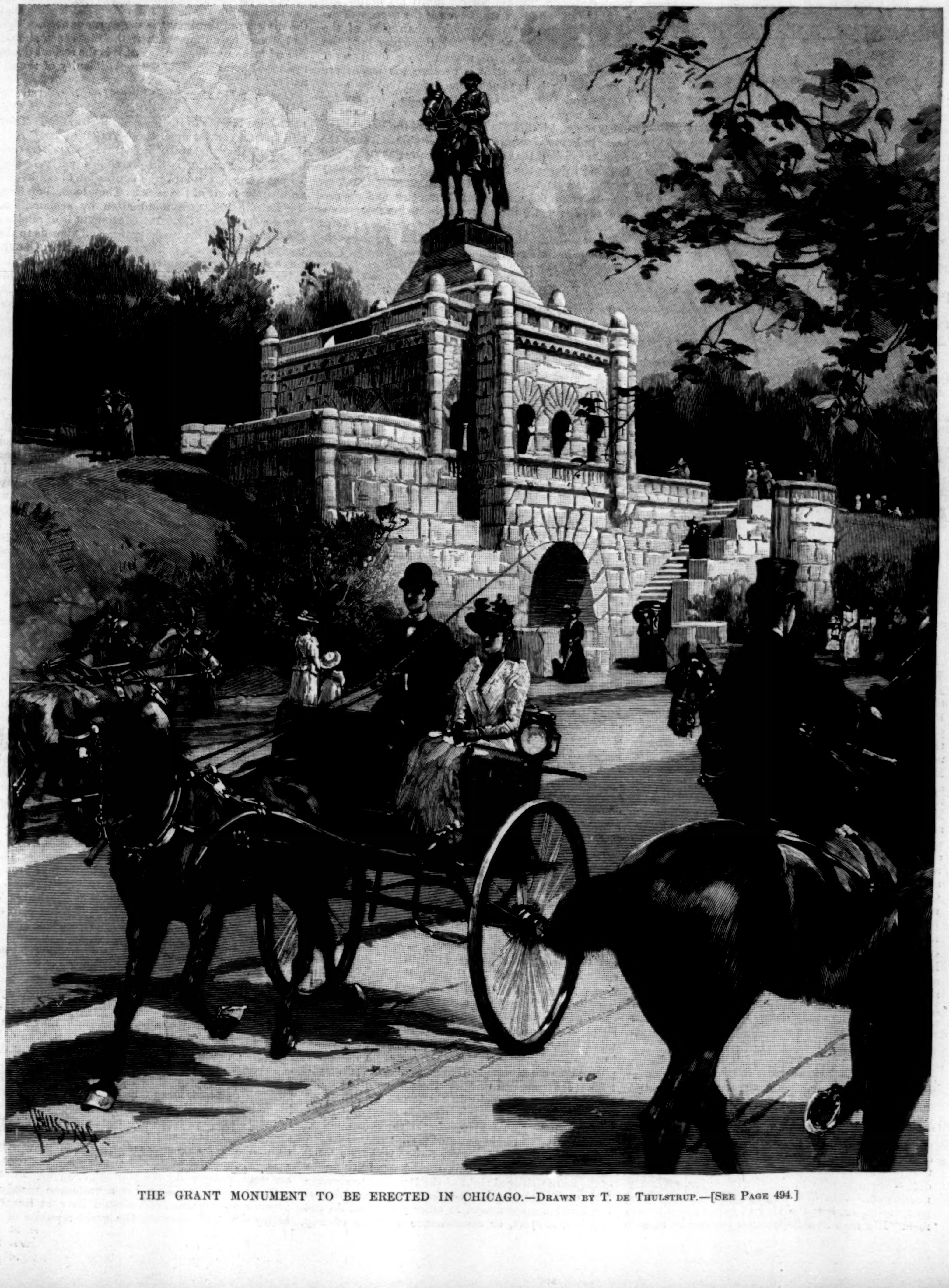

THE GRANT MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN CHICAGO.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 494.]

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LOW TIDE IN POLITICS.

MIDSUMMER marks the very lowest tide of national politics. It is now even thought worthy of mention that Mr. INGALLS may address a Farmers' Alliance meeting, and that Mr. HILL may probably count upon the West Virginia delegates in the National Convention of his party. The only important incident is the Republican nomination of Mr. MCKINLEY, and the most significant is the sudden reappearance of Mr. FORAKER as the Republican leader in Ohio, and the apparent decline of party favor for Mr. SHERMAN. Simultaneously with the reappearance of Mr. FORAKER, and the unhappy plight of Republican financial officers in Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* gayly says "a mugwump could not exist in Pennsylvania." QUAY can, however, and DELAMATER, and BARDSLEY; and Postmaster-General WANAMAKER has not yet announced to what purpose the four hundred thousand dollars alleged to have been given by him to QUAY was applied. But the *Inquirer* forgets that the mugwumps—Republican mugwumps—defeated QUAY at the polls, forced him to attempt an explanation in the Senate, elected a Democratic Governor, and did very much greater service to the Republican party than Mr. ROBERT T. LINCOLN and the whole body of regular Republican voters in the State, by showing that there were still Republican principle and pluck enough in Pennsylvania to spurn the leadership of QUAY.

Mr. HENRY C. LEA still exists, fortunately, in Pennsylvania, and Mr. HERBERT WELSH, and a goodly company of their associates, and although they do not accept the name of mugwump, their spirit and their voice are those which are known by that name. These gentlemen, we believe, hold that they have as good a right to speak for the principles and purpose of their party as Mr. QUAY or Mr. WANAMAKER, and that they can do their party no better service than in defeating unworthy candidates, however regularly nominated. Whatever may be said of their view of party relations, it is the view of patriots and honest men. If a man be a Republican because he regards it upon the whole as the party of honest men, how can he prove his Republicanism by voting for a candidate whom he believes to be dishonest? He does not help himself by saying that the other party is quite as bad, and its candidates as unworthy, because, whoever may be nominated, he can, if he chooses, always vote for an honest man. That is the act of a mugwump, and the *Inquirer* is very unjust to Pennsylvania, as the result last year proves, in saying that a mugwump cannot exist in that State.

We do not say that mugwumps are the only honest voters, but only that the honesty of voters often makes them mugwumps. The regular is very wroth with the mugwump for not supporting the party candidate as the means of beating the other party. But if that be the condition of victory, the mugwump holds that it is often not worth the winning. The most stubborn "wheel-horse," until his brains are entirely out, will agree that even if the success of his party be better for the country than that of the other party, it cannot be better if success take the form of the election of dishonest or unfit men. If he says that it will, it is because his brains are gone. It may be accepted as an axiom that the more QUAYS and DUDLEYS and "other such" leaders appear in a party, the more mugwumps will exist in every State. Nothing in the history of the Republican party in Pennsylvania is more creditable to it than the Republican bolt that elected Governor PATTISON, and nothing injures the Republican party in the country more than its toleration of Mr. MATTHEW QUAY as the chairman of its National Committee, and the significant change in the character of its most conspicuous and familiar leaders. It is because mugwumps can and do exist in Pennsylvania that there is political hope in the State.

RUSSIA AND CHRISTENDOM.

BARON HIRSCH was recently reported as saying that he doubted whether the cruelties of the exclusion of Jews from Russia were known to the Czar. The remark was designed probably not so much to express an actual doubt as a diplomatic doubt. He supposed, probably, that the Czar might be more disposed to co-operate with the Baron's scheme of removal if the Baron spoke of him with extreme courtesy. But whatever may have been the motive, there is no longer any doubt of the Czar's approval of the cruel policy of exclusion. He accepts the entire responsibility, saying that the Jews deserve it, as having been concerned in every nihilist plot and all revolutionary disturbance. The Haitian HIPPOLYTE and the Russian ALEXANDER are despots of the same kind. The treatment of the Jews in Russia, however, is not surprising, because the treatment of Russians who are not Jews is not less atrocious. Our diplomatic relations with the country and our trade intercourse lead to a certain international politeness which tends to conceal from us the monstrous system of the Russian government.

The situation of the country is such, and the oppression of the people so flagrant and brutal, that the public opinion of the world is gradually rising into indignant protest. Russian men and women are arbitrarily seized by the government, and are imprisoned and exiled without trial or other form of law than such as the government permits. A free press is unknown, free speech is suppressed, and the whole body of the people are crushed and helpless under the absolutely irresponsible will of an autocrat. Despotism tempered by assassination is still the truthful description of Russian rule, and nihilism is the natural result. Other nations of Christendom, including those recently released from the grasp of Turkey, have free constitutional governments, but in Russia there are no people in the political sense, no discussion, no representation, no agitation of any kind. The Russians are practically as much the slaves of the government as the horses in his stable are the property of the Czar.

A little more than a year ago the strong feeling in England upon the subject of this inhuman oppression in Russia led to the formation of a society, of which a paper called *Free Russia* is the organ, for the purpose of concentrating the expression of English opinion to affect the situation in Russia. Its central committee, composed of thirty-seven members, including some members of Parliament and other influential and respected citizens, shows the extent and force of this opinion. A similar society, under the auspices of eminent Americans, has been formed in this country to co-operate with the English society in apprising liberty-loving Russians of an immense public opinion favorable to them in other great countries. It is believed that the knowledge of such organized moral sympathy in the foremost nations of the world will necessarily encourage Russian patriotism and moderate the oppression of the government. The ultimate end to be attained is constitutional government in Russia; and while those who are the leaders in the movement in this country are fully aware of the acknowledged right of the Russians to manage their own affairs, and do not forget the friendship of the Russian government in other years, and do not approve, support, or countenance violence of any kind, they do not feel that these are valid reasons for withholding any legitimate expression of sympathy with the victims of cruel oppression in any land, or for not lending moral aid to every oppressed people struggling for the rights for which our American fathers successfully contended.

NEW YORK IN '92.

THE question of the necessity of the electoral vote of New York for the Democratic candidate next year is actively and widely discussed in the Democratic press. But whatever may be its necessity, its desirability will not be denied. If one nomination would probably lose that vote, and another probably secure it, the latter would certainly carry the Convention. It is a misfortune for the party, therefore, that the two candidates chiefly considered in connection with the nomination are both from New York, and that the division of sentiment is very pronounced. This fact would be unimportant if the difference should end with the nomination. But it is the serious doubt upon that point which is the real difficulty of the situation.

Governor HILL has made himself master of a strong and efficient machine, while the friends of Mr. CLEVELAND trust largely to the logic of the situation. They anticipate a contest upon the question of tariff revision, and they naturally hold that in such a contest Mr. CLEVELAND is the inevitable party leader. To put him aside would be a confession of doubt and an abandonment of the issue. They look, therefore, for Mr. CLEVELAND'S nomination by acclamation. The dependence of the HILL contingent is of another kind. It aims to secure delegates, and appeals to the party tradition and spirit by representing Mr. CLEVELAND as the mugwump rather than the Democratic favorite. It will question his party popularity in his own State, and suggest party alienation in the Western States as the result of his positive financial views, and as a last stroke will probably say that under the peculiar circumstances the surest way of securing New York will be to take a Western candidate.

But the nomination should depend upon broad and general views, not upon local and detailed speculations. The Republicans, by nominating Mr. MCKINLEY in Ohio, have set a good example. They have shown their confidence and courage. They have presented what every election ought to present—a definite issue and a representative candidate. The decision will be unembarrassed by personal considerations. That is the situation which is desirable in next year's general election. If the Democrats propose to make the word "Democracy" the issue, and run in a fog, they should nominate a candidate who is not a representative of distinct policies. But if they mean to ask the country to approve certain intelligible and beneficent legislative measures, they should nominate a candidate whose name personifies them.

THE TERROR IN HAITI.

THE crimes of HIPPOLYTE in Haiti have aroused the attention of Europe, and the French government has resolved to call him to account for the murder of RIGAUD, who is claimed as a French subject. The explanation offered by HIPPOLYTE'S agents is that RIGAUD was a conspirator against the life of the President of Haiti, and before shooting him, the President satisfied himself that he was not a French subject. But upon the seizure and assassination by HIPPOLYTE of a man who had taken refuge in the Mexican consulate, the body of foreign consuls waited upon him and protested against the bloody outrage upon the governments represented by them. The President took a high tone, and withdrew into a neighboring room to play the flute, and suddenly the whole scene of slaughter assumed the appearance of the ghastly acts of a madman. It would not be surprising if the powers whose citizens and subjects are exposed to HIPPOLYTE'S ferocity should take prompt action for their protection.

Our own government is reported as cherishing "a strong belief" that the Haitians will be able to restore order without foreign interference. If this means that HIPPOLYTE may drown all opposition in blood, the view may be justified by sufficient slaughter. An intimation that the MONROE doctrine may require us to stand guard over the slaughter, however, is one that will not be generally approved by Americans. It is true that the government of Haiti is a savage travesty of a republic, and it may seem to be true that a *régime* of blood can alone keep order among the barbarians of tropical islands. But that is not a reason for gravely maintaining the forms of civilized diplomatic intercourse with them. The MONROE doctrine, in so far as it asserts the unwillingness of the United States to see any new political influence exerted by foreign states in this quarter of the world, is certainly not unreasonable. But the right and the duty of every power to prevent the wanton slaughter of its citizens in foreign countries are not questioned by the MONROE doctrine.

The tropical republics are a grotesque parody of popular government, and should have at least the happy effect of showing the great republic of the temperate zone that republican government does not "run" itself, and among an ignorant and brutalized people is no better than the irresponsible despotism of Russia. Let any one who has read the accounts of the murders of HIPPOLYTE ask himself what is the value of an election in a country of which HIPPOLYTE, with a ruthless mob of an army, is master. Even if he be mad, the other Haitian tyrants whom he resembles were not, unless the ferocious brutality of DESSALINES be considered madness. As we have already said, our minister, Mr. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, must be glad to withdraw from a country whose history seems to stigmatize men of the African race as incapable of orderly self-government. It is inconceivable that such a diplomatic appointment can be regarded as an honor, except as it may be supposed to show the respect and confidence of the administration. It is certainly a droll proof of respect for an American citizen to send him to Haiti.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE old-fashioned observance of the Fourth of July has wholly disappeared in New York. It is still a holiday, but there is no municipal celebration as such. The Mayor and Aldermen do not proceed under escort to hear the reading of the Declaration and the patriotic oration of the day. By a grotesque fate this form of the celebration, indeed, has fallen into the hands of Tammany Hall, a partisan body whose name is the synonym of political corruption. A Fourth of July celebration under the auspices of the TWEED ring was an edifying performance, and it is not less so under the present Tammany control.

It was never more desirable than now, however, to set forth under the highest sanction the American story of a hundred years ago, and the principles of the government then inaugurated. The story would have the charm of novelty to a large part of the following of Tammany, and the admonition of the narrative would be useful to the whole community. Party spirit was as rife then as now, and much of the evil that we know was not then unknown. A glance into Senator MACLAY'S *Journal* will reveal a familiar condition. But the difference is that evils are now largely organized, and are gravely defended as essential parts of the American system, or as inevitable because of poor human nature.

Yet he would be an incurable pessimist who, because the formal observance of the Fourth of July in New York is abandoned to Tammany Hall, should conclude that the hope which the great day commemorates and which JOHN ADAMS espoused has been wholly disappointed. Compare the world of 1791 with the world of 1891, and the independence bells of this year should ring with a more jubilant peal. GEORGE WASHINGTON, indeed, was then President of the United States, but LOUIS Sixteenth was brought back a prisoner to Paris, and the Terror was at hand. That free institutions now overspread Christendom is chiefly due to the United States. It is not, indeed, an automatic Republic. It depends wholly upon the intelligence and morality of its citizens, and they are not to relax a single effort or to lower the political standard. But on the Fourth of July we may surely take heart from the past, and renew our faith and vows for the future.

"SOME NOTES ON A BILL."

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING'S remarkable stories have justly made him one of the most popular of living writers, and whatever he may write secures attention, irrespective of its merit. The verses which appear in another part of this paper were offered to us by Mr. KIPLING'S London agent, and we publish them, not for their literary value, but to gratify the general curiosity to see what he writes, and as a side-light upon the character of a young and popular author. Whether designed as an invective or satire, or whatever may have been their purpose as against this country, their author, we hope, will soon come to see that, beyond the gratification of the momentary curiosity of American readers, such writing is important not for this country, but for himself.

THE UNVEILING OF THE BEECHER STATUE.

To this generation a great popular assemblage in Brooklyn without the living presence of HENRY WARD BEECHER would be strange. But the genius of the sculptor largely restored that presence to the greatest assembly in that city since his death, which greeted with deep feeling the unveiling of his statue. Mr. BEECHER was for so long a time the most conspicuous citizen of Brooklyn, overflowing with public spirit and energy and activity, a popular tribune rather than a preacher, that, despite all the comments as to the fitness of the site, there is a plain propriety in placing his statue in the very centre of municipal activities, as there was in selecting for the orator of the occasion President Low, of Columbia College, who, when Mayor of Brooklyn, was nationally known as the especial representative of the highest civic impulse of the community. Yet had the statue been placed in Prospect Park, the propriety would have been no less obvious; for the active citizen and leader of the people was equally a lover of birds and trees and flowers, and the most touching and captivating illustrations of his eloquence were drawn from his observation of nature and his sympathy with the innocent citizens of the woods and fields. It was his quick, all-embracing, and generous sympathy, his sparkling and exuberant vitality, his persuasive humor, and his blithe and magnetic temperament which made him equally at home in the city and in the country.

Mr. BEECHER, upon the whole, was the most widely known and distinguished man who has lived in Brooklyn — the greatest American preacher of his time, one of the foremost of American orators, identified with all movements of humane progress and reform, and largely a representative American. It is for his statue or monument that the visitor to Brooklyn would first naturally inquire, and the happy work of Mr. WARD is the result of the spontaneous tribute of Mr. BEECHER'S neighbors to his memory. The day of the unveiling was singularly beautiful, a brilliant June day, with a fresh breeze from the northwest, such a day as would have tempted the June-lover from his study into the street or the Park. Mr. Low's oration was an admirably broad and comprehensive survey of BEECHER'S character and career. It was the fitting word spoken in the right place and the right way, and it was all the more striking and touching from the differences of temperament between the two men. The gentlemen who have had chief charge of the execution of the enterprise are greatly to be congratulated upon the entire success of their affectionate devotion to the memory of Mr. BEECHER.

THE ACADEMIC MONTH.

JUNE is as much the month of college and school Commencements as of roses. The daily papers are full of the story of these happy occasions, and the public interest in higher or secondary education was never apparently greater than it is now. The college degree, indeed, is not of uniform value, and the variety of degrees is perplexing; but there is a constant and natural adjustment of their worth. The larger institutions are becoming more chary of the gift, and it is the certificate of such institutions which is especially sought and prized.

At the University Convocation in this State last year President HILL, of Rochester University, read a very timely and excellent paper on the subject of degrees, and there was a general feeling in the assembly, which represents the united collegiate and academic interest of the State, that all honorary degrees should be conferred only with great deliberation and in conformity to a high standard. Nothing cheapens the college more than the careless conferring of degrees. To degrade a degree into a mere personal compliment, without due regard to its essential propriety, is to wound education in the house of its friends.

This sensitiveness of the leaders of education to the subject of degrees is a sign of the deeper interest in the higher education. But it must not be forgotten that the phrase is not exact. There is no point at which primary education ends and higher education begins. Secondary education is only more education. The State of New York divides its care of the subject into two departments—the University and the Department of Public Instruction. They are both concerned with the same subject, and the addition which the State has just made to its educational interests—the scheme of university extension—contemplates voluntary local courses, mainly at local expense, to provide more education under trained supervision, and examination for those who otherwise could not obtain it.

A REPUBLICAN VIEW.

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph* is a Republican paper, but it does not therefore think that it is its duty to extol and defend every Republican man or measure. It does not hold that party loyalty or principle or policy requires it to shut its eyes or to hold its tongue when it discerns danger; and it says in a recent issue:

> "FORAKER, a cheap political trickster, a demagogue of the baser sort, a peddler of offices for forged campaign documents—forged to defeat his opponent—sitting in the seat of JOHN SHERMAN, would be at once the most grotesque and the most shameful spectacle that politics could present. Should it be presented, not JOHN SHERMAN, but Ohio, the country, would suffer the ignominy of it."

If this kind of plain speech were general in party papers the excesses of party spirit would be greatly restrained.

AFTER-CLAPS.

A PRIVATE letter from England, from a gentleman who is strongly conservative in his views and not a Gladstonian, says, "The Prince of Wales has irreparably damaged himself and greatly injured the monarchy among the English people." Although immediate results of the late incidents are not to be expected, it would be very remarkable if "the non-conformist conscience" were not as good an indication of real British feeling as the talk of the "smartest" set in England. It was not in the *Œil de Bœuf* or the *Petit Trianon*, not in the Louvre or at Versailles, that the real condition of France was to be apprehended a century ago. It is not in London society, as we found in the civil war, that the voice of England is to be heard. In a country so modern in feeling and so intelligent as England, the monarchy is already an anachronism, and the form would not long survive frequent and general indignation or contempt.

THE CHICAGO FAIR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Associated Press has inquired of the United States Consuls in France and elsewhere about the feeling in regard to the Fair, and does not make a very cheerful report. At St. Étienne no general opinion and very little knowledge are reported. At Rouen there are such interest in the MCKINLEY tariff and observation of its effects that the Fair is not considered. At Nantes there is no enthusiasm, and only an occasional listless inquiry. At Lyons there is a fair degree of interest, which is confined to those who now do business with the United States.

From Portugal the statement is that there is positively no interest. The kingdom is too poor to permit state expenditure for the purpose, and there are very few interests that would be benefited. Turkey has some kindly and growing interest. The trade between the countries is not large, but the Turkish exhibit may be fair. In Germany the commissioner to the Fair is hard at work, but it is too early to report much upon the subject. He says, however, that the government is greatly interested, and he personally will do all that he can to secure a good representation.

This is not encouraging; but it is still early, and it is probably the general feeling that there is plenty of time to think of the matter. The spring of interest is, of course, not sentimental, but selfish. European manufacturers and merchants are not deeply interested in COLUMBUS, nor in the discovery of America. But they would send to a Chicago Fair as to the fair at Novgorod, if they saw a fair promise of advantage to their business. They will not be especially attracted, probably, to exhibit their wares to a country which says that it will not buy them if it can tax them high enough to stimulate their manufacture in America. The object of commercial fairs was to stimulate commercial intercourse, and we must look for the chief supply of our Chicago Fair to the states which encourage such intercourse among themselves.

PERSONAL.

MOUNTAIN-LAUREL from Sky Farm, up among the Berkshire hills, where Miss ELAINE GOODALE spent her girlhood, formed natural decorations at the reception which followed her marriage to Dr. CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN, the Sioux, in this city the other day. A part of the honeymoon was spent in the same picturesque region of western Massachusetts, and soon Dr. EASTMAN and his bride will be back at their post in Pine Ridge working for the civilization of the red men.

—The great temperance lecturer, GOUGH, formed a taste for books in his early life while he was following the trade of a bookbinder, and years after, when fame and money had come to him, he gathered a valuable library at his house in Worcester, Massachusetts. Many of the books were artistically bound under his direction, with inserted illustrations, autographs, and other matter. Now the collection and house are to be sold, so that the property may be divided among the heirs of Mr. and Mrs. GOUGH.

—Colonel G. B. M. HARVEY, who has just been made managing editor of the New York *World*, is one of the youngest men in the country to hold so important a position. He is hardly thirty years old, and was born among the Green Mountains. While yet a rawboned youth he began work in daily journalism on the Springfield *Republican*, and since then he has gathered valuable newspaper experience on leading papers in Chicago and New York.

—RUDYARD KIPLING has made a short and quiet visit to this country for rest and change. His health is not very rugged, although he is not dying of consumption, as some recent reports have had it.

—W. H. WOODS, a lawyer of Huntingdon, has a clock which is said to have once been the property of JOHN KNOX, the reformer. It was made in Paisley, Scotland, in 1560, and was in the KNOX family for one hundred and fifty years. JOHN WITHERSPOON, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, brought it to this country in 1768.

—ALBERT COLEMAN, for twenty years prominently connected with J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., dropped dead recently while playing tennis with his daughter at his summer home in Swarthmore, a Philadelphia suburb. He had much to do with bringing out the fine-art books which the firm published.

—Prince BISMARCK rarely writes an autograph letter now, but contents himself with signing epistles which he dictates. If the communication is to some especial admirer, he encloses his photograph.

—CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, the war correspondent, still lives in Boston, and is alert to all errors that writers of the present day make in describing events of which he had a personal knowledge. He was at Richmond after the fall of the city, and witnessed the visit of President LINCOLN, who was accompanied by Admiral PORTER and others. Recently Mr. COFFIN has written a letter to the Boston *Journal* correcting an oft-repeated statement that Senator SUMNER was of the party.

—JOHN BURNS, the British socialist and labor agitator, was educated in the English public schools, and is a deep student of the questions in which he is interested. He is much in earnest, but his views are moderate and without anarchistic tendencies.

—With all his other vanities, the Emperor WILLIAM possesses that of having his picture painted. Three Berlin artists are now at work on seven different interpretations of his Majesty's proportions arrayed in various costumes. One of these, representing him in a hunting rig, will go to his grandmother, Queen VICTORIA, and is expected to adorn the walls of Windsor Castle.

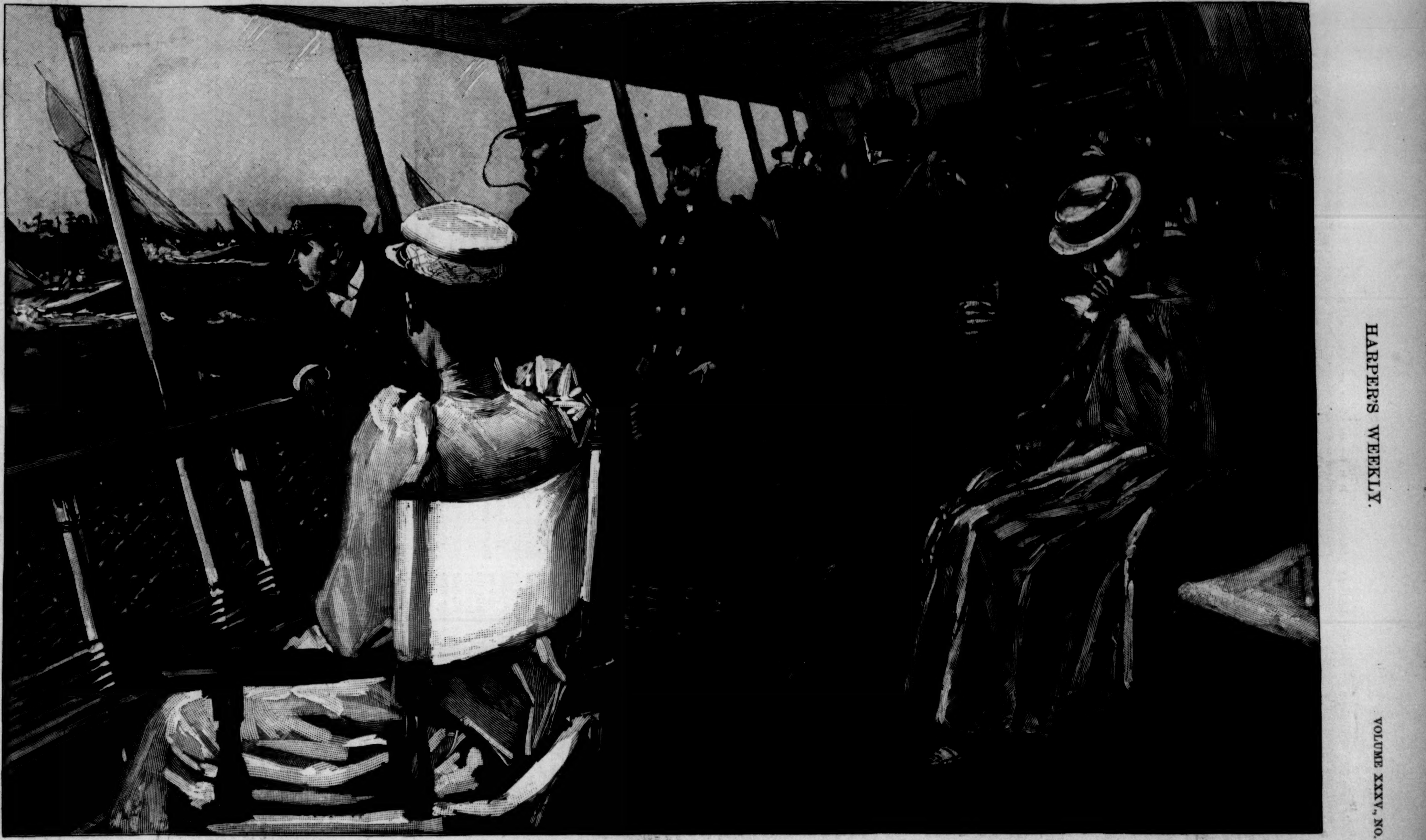
—There was a noteworthy celebration at Vienna on June 9th of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the writing of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" by STRAUSS. A gigantic concert was given by five hundred players, the consolidation of eight military bands, led by STRAUSS himself. Of course the waltz was not neglected.

—GEORGE E. WOODBERRY, who has been appointed to a chair of English at Columbia College, is the author of *The North Shore Watch, and Other Poems*, and of a volume of critical essays. He was graduated at Harvard, and is thirty-seven years old.

—The Mexican government still pays pensions to descendants of MONTEZUMA II., some of whom live in Mexico, and others in Spain. The custom is three hundred and sixty-five years old.

—Fear of assassination is said to be one reason why the Czar of Russia wears a full beard and never permits himself to be shaved. The barber to the imperial family of ROMANOFF is, nevertheless, the grandson of MICHAEL GUELABOVSKI, who declined, although offered a princely consideration, to cut the throat of the Czar PAUL. This display of devotion obtained for the GUELABOVSKI family tonsorial distinction at court, although it has never won the entire confidence of the present Czar. The Czar has probably not heard what NAPOLEON said of the man who shaved himself.

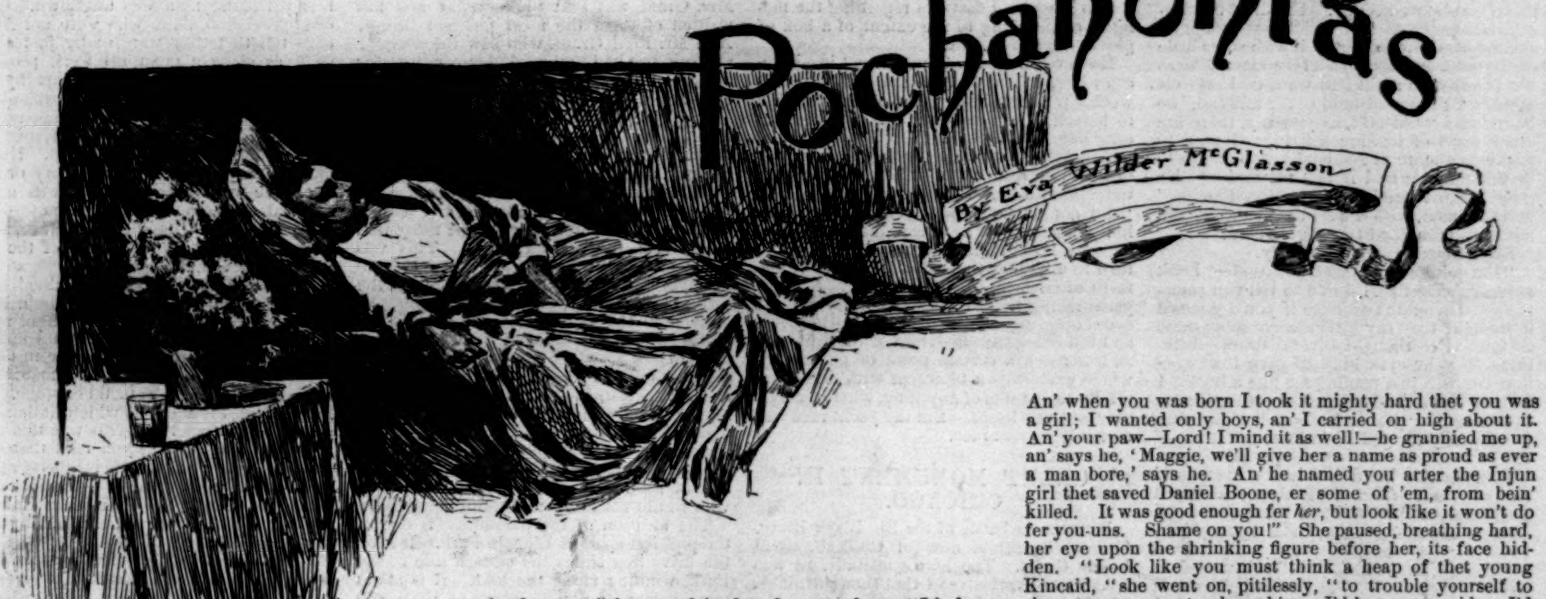
—TSUDA SANGO, the Japanese policeman who attempted recently to assassinate the Czarowitz, has been sentenced to life imprisonment with hard labor. The two jinrikisha men who came to the Czarowitz's rescue have, besides receiving decorations and pensions from their own government, been each given a gold medal, $2500 in cash, and a life pension of $1000 a year by Russia. They will not have to propel jinrikishas for a living after this.



VIEWING THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB FROM THE CLUB BOAT—SCENE IN THE LOWER BAY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 495.]

Pochahontas

By Eva Wilder McGlasson



He had crushed his hand in coupling two freight cars—being new to the trade of brakeman—and though for half the day's journey he managed to hide his suffering, toward night he gave way, and in the midst of rather a sickly attempt at jesting over his misadventure with a fellow-laborer who chanced to be in the caboose, he fell back in his seat, blue about the lips, his nostrils clinging.

"I knew he was overdoin' the thing," asserted the witness of this collapse, bolstering the flaccid figure against the side of the car. "He needs lookin' after. Course that flask 'd be dry as a bone if— Wonder where we are? 'Bout ten mile or so from Somerset, I reckon. Aw, Bill!"

He gave a perturbed shout to a man in a blouse who was lurching about the doorway, the green lantern in his hand giving him a spectral air.

"Say, you! Go 'n' tell Cronk that Kincaid's lost his grip. May be dead, for all I know. Tell him to slow up down here at Bull's Crossing. There's a doctor there, I reckon. This fellow needs tendin' to. Might know that flask 'd be empty in case of need. Tell Cronk we'll carry him into Mrs. Holtsinger's. Git a hold of his head, and let's lay him down. So."

The object of this solicitude lay against a begrimed and oily cushion, the hurt hand hanging at his side in an encrimsoned heap of cotton. He was very young; the darkness on his lip was like a soft streak of down, scarcely matching the blackness of the damp lock on his pale brow. He was slight of build, insomuch that when they picked him up—the train having come to a lumbering stop, as if each car had transmitted a protest against halting—the men exchanged a kindly jest about his weight.

"Ought to have been a girl," said one. "Too pretty for a man."

"Reckon the girls don't think so," debated the engineer, fetching up at the steps of a little country store, in the single window of which a lamp burned dimly.

A small black boy answered their summons.

Mrs. Holtsinger herself proved to be "up kentry," visiting her kinsfolk and acquaintances, but her daughter, upon being informed of the tragic retinue at her doors, came to the threshold, looked at the inanimate face of the injured man, and straightway bade them carry him in.

So it was that when Kincaid came to himself he observed, in a dreamy sort of fashion, that the smell of smoke and oil and the clangor of the cars were done away, and in the stead of these a shadowy quiet was round about him.

He had a vague conception of an old man who seemed to be measuring out a spoonful of dark liquor from a bottle, his underlip calculatingly pursed.

And then there was a taste in his mouth of something which stung a little, and yet was sweet; and as a delicious languor crept through him, it appeared as if some one drew a coverlet over him, and a girl's face took shape in his mind—a face not unlike his own.

It staid with him in the hours of the night, and he fancied it the features of a dream.

But when he had come fully awake, and lay staring at the white window-curtains, through which the sun was shining with a bride-like softness, he grew aware that a young woman was watching beside him; a very slender young woman, with a hollow chest which lent meaning to the vivid scarlet glow filling her cheeks.

She got up at once, fixing on him the gentle, half-awed speculation of great dark eyes, which burned in their deep sockets with a solemn lustre, like lamps swung in the doors of a tomb. As he began eagerly to question her, she straightened the bedclothes, answering him presently with a sort of motherly air.

"We'll take good keer of you," she said, softly; "the best we know how. I unly wisht maw was hyere; she's such a hand with any one thet's ailin'. But me an' Jake an' the doctor, we'll take keer of you best we know how. Doctor he'll be in todes noon. Hed to go up the creek this mornin' to see a horse of Tom Clay's thet's took an' run somethin' in its huff. They're feerd of larkjaw."

During the week which ensued she tended him with exceeding faithfulness, and he came to have for her that feeling of dependence which in a sick man is likely to display itself in a manner of petulant exaction.

"You were down-stairs awful long talking to those people in the store," he complained to her one day. "It's lonesome up here. No one to talk to. Even the doctor hasn't been here for three days."

"Doctor's laid up with rheumatism; got wet wadin' across the creek t'other day. You know he said I could bandage your hand as good as he could."

He looked at her gratefully.

"You do it better than him, Miss Eveline," he said.

She paled a little.

"Maw'll be home to-morrow," she burst out, as if to rid herself of a sense of embarrassment.

And as she spoke, her forehead knotted suddenly, as if with a spasm of pain.

"I hope she'll like me," said Kincaid.

He felt little doubt that she would like him when he saw Mrs. Holtsinger, so kindly her ample face was in its setting of sleek gray hair.

He felt immediately aware that to commend one's self to Mrs. Holtsinger one had only to be sick, or in some other sort wretched.

"How you comin' on?" demanded Mrs. Holtsinger of him. "Pooty comf'table, huuh?"

Kincaid said gratefully that he had been well taken care of, and as he spoke he was sensible of a wonder that Mrs. Holtsinger's daughter so little resembled her mother.

"She's been awful good to me—your daughter has. Way she tied my hand up— Well, seemed like it was worth while gitting it mashed."

"She's rale handy if she wants to be," admitted Mrs. Holtsinger, tempering natural pride with maternal reprobation. "Fed you up pooty well, hez she? I never believe in starvin' a man jest 'cuz he's off his feet. How'd you like a pullet split down an' fried right brown?"

Kincaid murmured his appreciation of this suggestion. He had an air of diffidence at times which wrought effectually for him with people of a forceful turn, and Mrs. Holtsinger's heart warmed to his youth and helplessness.

"I lost a boy ten year ago," she said, in the ordinary unemotional tone of one whose feelings have only a single medium of expression. Her eyes had clouded a very little, but her face still kept its lusty lines. "He'd of ben sixteen this gone May," she said.

"I am twenty," Kincaid murmured, not knowing how to express sympathy, and desiring to show his attentiveness. And presently, as she went on staring out the window, her face fixed in that aspect of stolid resignation which marks a spirit only vaguely comforted with pious assurances of immortality, he added, rather hesitatingly, "She's older than he was, ain't she—your daughter?"

"Beg pardon?" said Mrs. Holtsinger, bringing her wandering thoughts to book.

"I was saying I reckoned Miss Eveline's some older than your son was."

"Miss who?"

"Why, Miss Eveline."

Mrs. Holtsinger's lips shut hard. "She ben tellin' you her name was Eveline?"

"Yes, 'm; but I never called her without the miss," he explained, wondering at her look. "I never meant any harm," he assured her. "Miss Holtsinger seemed so distant, when she was doing for me like a sister, so I asked her what her name was, and she said I could call her Eveline if I wanted to. But I'll call her Miss Holtsinger if you object to—"

"I don't keer what you call her," said Mrs. Holtsinger, in a loud voice, her cheeks purple. She seemed to stiffen as she walked across the floor; and then, as if recalling herself, she paused on the threshold and cast him a frosty smile. This absolving expression, however, was wholly blotted out from her face when she came into the lower room and approached her daughter. The girl was polishing the battered brass tray of the scales, and as she heard the footstep behind her she started a little and turned, a certain apprehension in her meeting brows.

"Pochahontas!" said Mrs. Holtsinger, almost fiercely, whereat the girl gave a sort of gasp and stood quite still, a grayness as of stone settling over her face, her hands shaking. Her mother drew something nearer, a curious twitching at her lip corners. "What you ben tellin' thet young man upsteers?" she demanded.

Her daughter recoiled like one that has been smitten over the lips.

"Maw—I—I—"

"You ben tellin' him a lie, Pochahontas Holtsinger—you hussy you!"

"I unly—I—maw, I—unly—"

"Quit your shakin' thet ways. I never strek you a lick in my life, an' I ain't goin' to start in now. Though if I did my juty, I'd take the strap to you for shamin' the name your father give you. Serve you right if he turns the back on you at the resurrection. He was the noblest man ever trod shoe-leather, John Holtsinger was, an' high respected. An' when you was born I took it mighty hard thet you was a girl; I wanted only boys, an' I carried on high about it. An' your paw—Lord! I mind it as well!—he grannied me up, an' says he, 'Maggie, we'll give her a name as proud as ever a man bore,' says he. An' he named you arter the Injun girl thet saved Daniel Boone, er some of 'em, from bein' killed. It was good enough fer *her*, but look like it won't do fer you-uns. Shame on you!" She paused, breathing hard, her eye upon the shrinking figure before her, its face hidden. "Look like you must think a heap of thet young Kincaid, "she went on, pitilessly, "to trouble yourself to change your name to please him. I'd hev more pride. I'd never take the first step. If he wanted me, he'd hev to do the knucklin' down hisself. A woman hez to do the kneelin' after marriage; it's only right the man should do the crawlin' before."

"Maw," broke in the girl, a sudden fierceness in her thin face, her cheeks blazing as if an angel's staff had touched them, "you no right speakin' to me so. I never stepped todes him. I don't keer nothin' for him—nothin' much, thet is. I—I— Oh, can't you see how 'twas? He ast me my name, an' I knew jest how he'd look—sort o' smily an' disbelievin'—if I told him it was Pochahontas. Every person jokes me about it. The children used to make fun o' me when I was little. 'Poker!' they used to holler at me. When I went to school thet winter over to Goose Lick, I never will forgit the way the teacher sort o' choked up a-laughin' when I says my name was Pochahontas Holtsinger. It don't sound funny to you, 'cause you're used to it, but—"

"Don't you talk to me!" cut in her mother, implacably. "You walk yourse'f up them steers, an' tell thet man the truth, er *I* will. Your paw ain't goin' to be disgraced while I'm here to see the unliest child he's got livin' respecks an' honors him. You hear me talkin'?"

Pochahontas stayed herself against the cracker show-case. Her eyes were dilated with fear.

"Maw," she panted, "you wouldn't—you—"

"I would, an' I will," vociferated Mrs. Holtsinger. "You goin' up them steers, er shall I?"

There was an instance of silence. The color faded slowly from the girl's face, which gained a peculiar dignity from the succeeding pallor. Her arms hung straight and limp, the palms open.

"If you—tell him—what I done—he'll jedge I—think more—of him then I—do," she breathed.

Mrs. Holtsinger's face twitched. "I got to do it," she said, firmly; "I wouldn't be fit to commune with holy people if—"

"If you do it," interpolated Pochahontas in a thin, high voice, her chin out, the pupils of her eyes spreading like blots of ink, "you'll never see me no more. I'll go off—I'll— There's them tracks outside. I won't be the first person hez laid across 'em. I'd ruther feel the wheels cut me in two then hev him know I love—I lied— I mean I'd ruther be dead then hear thet name again. I won't be called by it. I won't! I won't!" A passionate outburst of weeping engulfed her words, and she choked upon her sobs, coughing sharply, her hand protecting the painful spasms of her bosom. Mrs. Holtsinger's face grew wan as she gave ear. She laid hold of the girl's shoulder, the slightness of which was emphasized to sudden meaning by the rasping cough.

"Pochahontas," she muttered, thickly, "don't you—don't you take on so, Pochahontas. I won't tell on you. He'll be gone soon. I won't name you before him—unly quit thet cryin'. Go 'n' take a mouthful of honey. You need quinine. I'm goin' to see the doctor about you if you don't git red o' thet barkin.'"

Having conceded this, Mrs. Holtsinger held stoutly to her agreement. "I reckon I ain't fit to live." She reviled herself for her part in the deception, feeling as if the eternal sunshine of the spotless mind would never be hers any more. "But somehow I jest couldn't stand it to hear her talk an' carry on the way she done. I jest couldn't! Pore little soul! Pochahontas Holtsinger *is* a mighty soundin' name. It's a hull team with a dog under the wagon. I reckon I might git able to call her Eveline in time, if she's so sot on it. Kincaid's a right nice young man, but I never would take no peace hevin' him railroadin' if I was Pochahontas. Too resky." She glanced through the window, her mind forming a pleasant picture of the happiness in store for her daughter, and as she stared at the low gray sky, smoked with the dusky top twigs of April trees, it suddenly struck upon her, even through her moment of reverie, that a spring storm was coming on. "Wonder if them attic winders are down?" she rapidly considered, as a few spoon-shaped raindrops struck athwart the mottled panes before her. "Them quilts I got airin'— Wonder where Pochahontas is? Pochahontas! Aw, Pochahontas!" She called the name loudly, giving ear for a reply.

Pochahontas had herself been watching the coming of the rain through the open window of the upper room in which she and Kincaid were sitting. She had a piece of sewing pinned to her knee, and as they talked she looked up now and then from the strip of muslin, a brooding sort of contentment in her expression. "You'll git the use of it in time," she said, in a tone of encouragement, as he expressed a fear that the injured hand would always be stiff.

"It's been four weeks since the thing happened," he remarked, rather gloomily, eying the sling about his wrist. "I'd of been gone away two weeks ago, only I haven't any near kin and no special home anywhere." He sighed. "Sometimes I'm afraid I won't be fit for railroading again."

Pochahontas's eyes were set on a wedge-shaped cloud pointing ominously from the southwest. The breeze whipped loose some locks about her neck, and she was smiling a little. "There's other trades beside railroadin'," she advanced, slowly, her cheeks flushing. "There's farmin' an'—an' store-keepin'." She drew up rather breathlessly.

Kincaid shifted about as if with some little embarrassment, his boyish face expanding as if a pleasant thought had wandered into his mind. "I'm awful fond of the railroad," he burst out; "but still, as you say, there are other ways of making a living. I used to clerck in a store at Ashland. A man gits to be home more; and if he's married—" He gave a short laugh. "Say, Miss Eveline," he exclaimed, with a rapid utterance, "you and me's been good friends, ain't we?"

She nodded, trembling visibly.

"I'm going away so soon now, that— Look here, Miss Eveline, I'd like to tell you something. I wouldn't wonder if you'd guessed it, though; they say girls always spots these things. I've thought several times—something in your eyes kind of gave it away—that you was just reading me like a book. I reckon, maybe"—he had an air of ingenuous speculation—"you've known all along that I was pretty far gone—in love, you know—eh?"

Pochahontas lifted her heavy eyes as if she were half afraid of the light that might leap beneath the covert of the lashes. "I didn't—know—for sure," she managed to say.

"Honest, now, didn't you?" He smiled on her a little bashfully, some disappointment in his voice. "You're not as smart as I thought for. Say, Miss Eveline, she's awful sweet. 'Bout your size, but heavier set—wider across here. We been engaged two years, but her folks is opposed to our marrying till she's eighteen; that 'll be in June. I'm going to bring her down here to see you all when we're married. I've wrote her how kind you've been, and she said— Reckon I got her letter somewhere." He took it from his breast pocket. "She says she'll never rest till she's thanked you. Ruthie her name is; the sweetest thing!" He paused rather suddenly.

"Pochahontas! Aw, Pochahontas!"

Mrs. Holtsinger's voice rose from below, sharp and peremptory, the anxiety of the moment expunging remembrance of the pact she had made with her daughter.

Pochahontas rose a little blindly to her feet.

"Who's she calling?" asked Kincaid, with an air of moderate interest. "Some one passing in the road, is it? Noble sort of name Pochahontas is; kind of grand and heroic; makes you feel like you'd heard a trumpet blow. Don't go, Miss Eveline. I haven't told you half about Ruthie."

"I got to go," murmured Pochahontas, groping for the door latch.

"Oh, what for?"

"I want to see if she's down-stairs, that gyrl maw called," said Pochahontas, in a dull tone, as if her tongue felt heavy. "Me an' her—used to be friends—an' I treated her mean. But someway—I'd like to see her agin—jest for a minute—the way she used to look."

THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

For five-and-forty years the New York Yacht Club has had an annual regatta. On Thursday, June 18th, one more was added to the list. The weather was not pleasant for the spectators, but the yachtsmen gloried in it. The poetry in a yachtsman's soul, if he has any—that is, any poetry—is awakened by the billowy, boisterous sort of day, and he wouldn't give a rope's-end, to be nautical, for a painted ship upon a ditto ocean kind of weather. On this particular day a good strong breeze was blowing, and bade fair to continue. So the true yachtsman was happy, and paid no heed to the misty rain or the chilly air. During the course of a year the temperature averages up pretty evenly in this part of the world; and as the initiatory days of the week had broken the record as far as heat went, the later days endeavored to introduce an element of arctic weather, so as to break another record, and maintain the general average. The arctic weather came on for the yacht-race, and although the yachtsmen gloried in it because of the accompanying wind, a great many people who were not yachtsmen staid away and missed a great race, and the possibilities of deadly colds. But notwithstanding the meagre attendance of on-lookers, and the failure of some yachts which had entered to compete, it was nevertheless a great race. Thirteen yachts, divided up into seven classes, started away, and their enthusiastic sailors were more than ever impressed with the beautiful breeze. Four yachts did not finish; two of them being unable to finish if they had wanted to, and the official records explain this inability by marking them "Disabled." Whether this was due to their having been one, or, rather, two, of unlucky thirteen cannot be proved. It is as likely that the sailing-masters were not sufficiently impressed with the strength of the breeze, for their disablement is directly due to the smart wind, whatever occult influence was back of it. The *Mineola* carried her topsail so long that the mast finally broke, and the *Dauntless* was doing great things when her mainmast was carried away. But these little things don't count on yacht-races unless you happen to be on the disabled boat or have bet on her, in which latter case you realize that betting is too uncertain to afford any great consolation, and it also suggests questions regarding the morality of plunging to the extent of a box of gloves or cigars.

However, the rest of the fleet got in—sooner or later. The *Gloriana*, as related in last week's Weekly, having had most of the fun to herself. In two of the classes there was only one boat each, and it was really sad to find that the *Hildegarde*, the single competitor in her class, didn't win. She was one of the unfortunates that came under the head of "did not finish." But yacht-racing is like horse-racing as far as uncertainty is concerned, and horse-racing may be compared in turn to anything that contains the least element of chance—life, for instance. So with yacht-racing, horse-racing, and life, you can't count upon anything as definite until it's over; and following the same train of thought, you at last reach a certain point of philosophy which enables you to accept with due equanimity the results of anything, whatever they may be, even losses. But the yacht-race was certainly a great race.

GRANT MONUMENT IN CHICAGO.

During the battle of the Big Black River, General Stockton, now of Chicago, stood beside Grant. The hero's attitude, as was usual, was expressive of that thoughtfulness of which Grant's friends always speak. His horse, an animal that seemed to have been inspired with his master's humor, was standing almost motionless under him.

A messenger clattered up to the General with every evidence upon him of excitement and solicitude. "They have opened a battery on our left!" said he.

Grant lifted his eyes from the ground, and turning half way toward the soldier, without the smallest observable concern on his face, in a fashion that seemed to say that this affair was a merely incidental interruption to his train of thought, in the most undramatic and matter-of-fact way possible, he replied, "Send a brigade and take it."

In the battle of the Wilderness the General was apprised of the news that Hancock was falling back. He glanced up at the sky, and at once made this simple and marvellous response: "I guess not; the guns don't sound that way."

It was things like these (such stories are told by the hundred) that prompted the trustees of the Chicago Grant Monument Fund to select an equestrian memorial to the soldier when it was determined that the city should have a Grant Monument. Equestrian statues are common. They are all alike. A well-known sculptor once suggested that a regular mould be made, and that a stock of monuments be turned out cheap, and be labelled "Grant," "Sherman," "Sheridan," and so on *ad infinitum*. It would be a great saving to art, to say nothing of the expense curtailed for the numerous funds whose prime motives are the glorification of military heroes. Placed side by side such statues would present an avenue of military splendor unmatched by Hannibal's somewhat celebrated fleet cavalry.

But the trustees of the Chicago fund were wholly alive to this fact. And yet they were at some pains to have an equestrian statue of Grant. We of to-day are perhaps not so edified with the choice as we would be with a straight column surmounted by a colossal figure airily unfolding the genius of the man. The trustees did not look toward ideality. They regarded the real with more favor, and if this monument is to last, Americans of the future will bless the inspiration that gave to posterity not a sculptor's dream, but a true and faithful picture of the man himself, surrounded with the frame of his greatest life; with an environment suggestive of the achievements with which alone history has to do; for upon the main thread of history are hung destinies, not foibles.

It was the purpose to put Grant in bronze as he seemed in the doing of those things and in the compass of those events that have become inseparably attached to his name and the story of his military career. He was not a statesman, a poet, or a painter. He was a soldier. Thus it was that the closest attention was paid to accuracy in the details of the work. Of the fifteen plastic sketches submitted in competition that of Louis T. Rebisso, of Cincinnati, was selected as most potential. The sculptor was given every encouragement in the way of material. The accoutrements, the equipments of Grant—his saddle, his hat, everything that would give the work a broad value historically—were brought to his studio, and used by him in the modelling of the clay. There were many delays. The sculptor was sick at one time; at another, out of humor for his work. But at last the model was done, and sent to the foundry in Chicopee, Massachusetts, for casting. One mould was turned out, and broken by an accident. But for this the monument would have been placed on its pedestal last September. The entire work had to be done over again, and it was finished a few days ago.

The bronze is the largest monument ever cast in America. Its height is eight and a half feet from the shoe of the horse to the top of the hat, and the weight is eight tons. It is larger than the Washington monument in New York, and is a trifle smaller than the Richmond monument of Washington. This latter, however, was cast in Munich. The study has pleased exceedingly well all who have seen it, and who were familiar with Grant's appearance on the field of battle. Mrs. Grant was sent photographs, and has written of them the most pleasant things. And Mr. Fred Grant, who saw the sculptor at work, has had nothing but encomiums for it. The military friends of the hero in Chicago are highly satisfied with its realism.

The pose of the man and horse is quiet, easeful, and seeks to convey a lesson of character, suggesting Probus, a compound of an exterior simplicity and a mentality vast in resource, prompt in execution, careless of the little things at hand apparently, but searching the future mercilessly for the finity that these little things lead up to. This was Grant's character. This is what Rebisso wrought and rewrought to educate from the soft and pliant clay.

Even in the cold granite that forms the footing for the monument there is a rough dash of the spirit of the man. It was designedly built of simple style, in unpolished granite, made up in extraordinary long blocks ragged hewn, with an utter and Spartan disregard for the ornate. Not one sign of the sculp is on it, except the name in relief near the top of the pile. Even this, at this time and in such a spot, were unnecessary, for who would not know it without being told?

The location of the monument is one of the prettiest spots in Lincoln Park. It is on the drive that skirts the eastern side of the Park, winding along the lake. It is about one-quarter of a mile north of the south boundary of the place, and the same way from the spot where now rises the monument to Lincoln. The pedestal consists of granite arches, a roof of stone, and a balustrade. From the shoreway to the upper door of the first arch are measured 16 feet. The footing 12 feet long, 5 feet and 6 inches wide, and 10½ feet above the roof. This gives a total height of 42 feet and 6 inches above the shoreway, or a total over all of 60 feet and 8 inches.

It is now arranged that the ceremonies of the unveiling will be held the latter end of September. Workmen have already begun to mount the figure. It will be a dignified and solemn event—the unveiling. Judge W. Q. Gresham has promised to deliver the oration, and there will be an attendance of the Grand Army and veterans, and a parade of the militia.

The gentlemen who have been foremost in the work of the fund and the prosecution of the matter in hand are General Joseph Stockton, Potter Palmer, Samuel Dickerson, General W. E. Strong, McGregor Adams, E. S. Dryer, and Norman Williams. The proposition to erect the monument was made by Mr. Palmer to General Stockton on the day of Grant's death. In three days $21,000 was collected, and at the end of one month, $65,000. Lincoln Park donated the pedestal, the casting consumed $25,000, and the balance was spent in the conduct of the fund and the remuneration of the sculptor.

THE NATHAN HALE STATUE.

Nathan Hale, who was hanged as a spy by Sir William Howe on September 22, 1776, has more than one statue erected to his memory. Even without representative bronze or marble, those words of Hale's, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," must ever remain imperishable.

Born in Coventry, Connecticut, in 1755, Nathan Hale graduated at Yale in 1773. But for the Revolution he might have preached the Word of God. The storm arose, men were swept from their peaceful moorings, and entering the army in 1775 as a Lieutenant, in brief time Nathan Hale was made a Captain. After the disasters on Long Island, exact information of the British had to be obtained at any cost. Under the instructions of his commander, George Washington, Captain Hale made his way through the enemy's lines. Hale was captured, and gave his life for his country.

Exactly where this brave man died is known. Patriotic memories are rarely at fault. It was too fearful a tragedy to have been forgotten, and so the place hallowed by the last agony of Nathan Hale is at the corner of City Hall Park in New York, about where Chambers Street crosses Broadway. Indicating, then, rather than precising the exact spot, somewhere about the southeast corner of the City Hall grounds a statue of Nathan Hale will be set up by the Sons of the Revolution, in the autumn of 1892. The work itself has just been created, and the Nathan Hale is still in plaster. It stands now in the Paris Salon, and its nobility at once made it conspicuous. All Americans had at heart the story of the man who died for their country, but to the rest of the world the history of this particular man was unknown. Quick of appreciation, those who were not Americans felt that they were under just such a spell as alone a great art work produces. This statue awakens not sympathy, nor mere pity, but reverence. No difficult analysis was necessary. There was no allegory to be solved. There stood a man with arms pinioned, his feet tethered. He was clad as were the men of a century or more ago. He was a prisoner. It was a man doomed to death. The grand pose of the head, that look of tempered defiance, not of scorn, that calm determination of the face, at once touched all hearts.

Without a single false or strained effect, Mr. MacMonnies has told of Nathan Hale's end. Now a statue must not, ought not, to bring too much to the front its material side, but it is high art to conceive in marble or bronze what is the soul of a man. It is the ideal that quickens metal or stone. You forget, then, the halter on which Nathan Hale swung as you see how great was this man's actions, for in the face you read that death had no terrors for him. He is Liberty's greatest warrior. As far as the descriptions of the man have been left to us, Nathan Hale was remembered as superb in build, having a face of marked nobility.

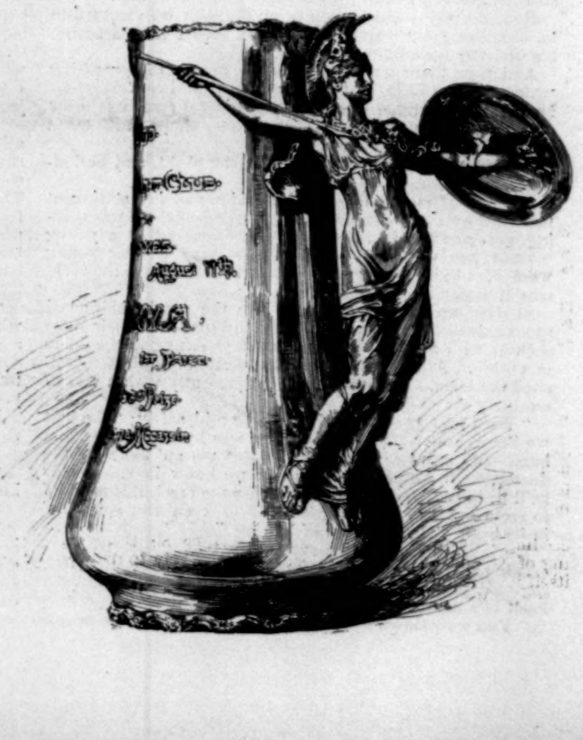
It is a signal triumph that for this statue Mr. Frederick MacMonnies was given the second medal in the Paris Salon, which is the highest award for sculpture, and that this medal was the greatest mark of distinction ever before allotted to an American artist. Mr. MacMonnies, who was born in the State of New York, is of Scotch origin, as his name designates. There may be something of heredity to account for this artist having at so young an age so distinctly made his mark, for on his maternal side the family counts Benjamin West as an ancestor.

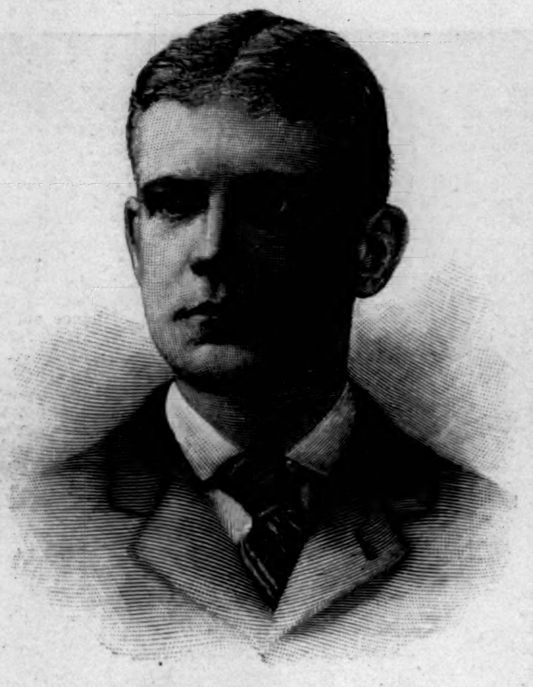
The commission for the Nathan Hale was given two years ago, and as soon as possible the figure will be cast in bronze and sent to New York. Plans for the pedestal have been already suggested by Mr. Stanford White. The statue will be some eight feet high, and there is no question but that an appropriate setting would be forth-coming. It is fortunate that New York is to have such a noble work, for it will not alone impart higher art instruction, but Nathan Hale will impress on Americans yet to come the story of the devotion of their forefathers.

It is fitting that something be said of the Sons of the Revolution, under whose auspices this statue will be erected. The founder of this society was John Austin Stevens. He conceived an association to be laid down with larger scope than that of the Society of the Cincinnati. This only includes the descendants of officers of the army of the Revolution. Mr. Stevens's society was to have among its members all descendants of those who served in the army of the Revolution. Instituted in 1876, it was reorganized in 1883, and the New York Society, a branch of the General Society of the Sons of the Revolution, was incorporated in 1884.

THE "MINERVA'S" CUP.

The Corinthian Yacht Club held its annual sweepstakes match for forty-footers off Newport on August 11, 1890. The *Minerva* then made the quickest time over the course, and a heavy silver cup was the reward. The cup has just been finished by the Whiting Manufacturing Company, and is graceful and artistic in design. The figure is beautifully modelled, and hangs on by one hand and a foot astern of the cup. If it is meant for the gracious lady after whom the yacht is named, the position is hardly indicative of wisdom on her part; but since the gods and goddesses have been turned out of Olympus, they have probably gone down hill literally.





ARTHUR CUMNOCK, OF HARVARD.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

THE STORY OF TWO COLLEGIANS.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE highest honor the graduating class of the great university of Harvard can pay one of its members is to elect him First Marshal on Class Day, or what is virtually master of those time-honored ceremonies for which Class Day at Cambridge is famous. The young man who is elected First Marshal must have first stood the test of four years' constant fellowship with the 300 men of his class; he must have been watched by them in the dormitory, at work in the class-room, and at play on the ball field—which some one has said is the best place to test the gentleman—and must not have been found wanting. Generally the right man is elected; occasionally he is not. This year the right man was elected.

A regrettably large number of people do not know that a young gentleman named Arthur Cumnock was captain of the foot-ball eleven at Harvard last year, and that his eleven defeated the eleven of Yale, and that Yale, in her turn, crushingly defeated Princeton. This gaining of a virtual championship for Harvard made Captain Cumnock very popular there, but it did not altogether explain to the casual visitor at Class Day this year why everybody, from Bishop Phillips Brooks to the youngest "Prep" from Phillips-Andover, should applaud, or jump from the ground and yell, as best suited his years and dignity, the name of Arthur Cumnock when it was thrown into the air by the president of the Junior class. He understood it better when he was told that Arthur Cumnock had done more than win a championship, and that it was not as the captain of the team that he was cheered with a heartiness and a loveliness of feeling that very few men hear, but because he had taught a lesson in the four years of his college life of manliness and strength and fineness of character which had brought a new tone into the life of a great university that was not there when he came, and that will remain there now that he had gone.

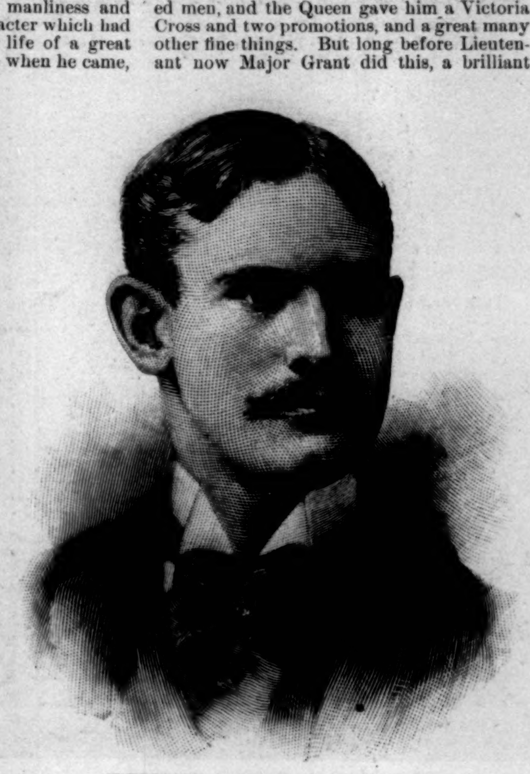
Every one who has not been to a Class Day at Harvard has at least done the next best thing, and read what Mr. William D. Howells has written of it in *April Hopes*—a description that has shut off Class Day as possible material for literary work from all other writers for many years to come. And so they know all about the tree around which the graduating class gather, and the arena of seats rising on each side of it higher than the college buildings, and filled with beautiful young girls and fond mothers and proud fathers, and as crowded with celebrities as the pages of an autograph album. And they know of the three great groups of under-classmen sitting on the turf at the foot of the tiers of seats, and the fourth group of alumni of all ages, from those who have dormitories named after them to those who have just hung out their names on lawyers' shingles, and they know how all of these groups in turn cheer the old buildings and the favorite sons of *alma mater* and the *alma mater* herself.

This year they cheered all the men or bodies of men they best loved, from Henry L. Higginson, who gave the athletic field in memory of the Harvard men who fell in battle, down to the 'Varsity eleven, who train upon it to win the lesser victories of to-day. And when this was done, Captain Arthur Cumnock, who had led the cheering up to this point, stepped back and looked conscious, for it would not do for him to give the time for the next cheer. But the little yellow-haired president of the Junior class, who had bided his time in impatience, leaped to his feet, and threw back his shoulders, and swelled out his chest, and shouted, "And now three cheers for Arthur Cumnock!" And the 300 Juniors rose up from the turf as though they had been shot from a trap, and worked their elbows and yelled, and before they had fallen back breathless, the Sophomores and the Freshmen and the alumni had followed with a volley of cheers like the salute of a field battery, and the Boston people and the visitors from New York and from all over the West were waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and beating their gloved hands and cheering too, and Arthur Cumnock was looking very red and embarrassed and handsome.

When Arthur Cumnock came to Harvard the fast set had marked it, in the eyes of the outside world, either wrongfully or rightfully, for its own. The prevailing tone was Harvard pessimism, and the manly thing, so the incoming Freshmen were told, and the chief end of man was to drink, and gamble politely, and wire pull for the societies, and cut recitations. In four years this idea of the manly thing has changed, and it has changed, so all who live in Boston or Cambridge will tell you, because the man who was most conspicuous in the college life, owing to his place as the captain of the 'Varsity eleven, threw all of his influence on the side of temperance in all things, fair play at either play or work, and showed at all times, whether on or off the field, the courtesy and modesty and strength of a gentleman. I think the man who sends a rival captain a protecting bandage for the rival captain's broken bones a week after the rival captain has defeated him sorely and laughed him and his men to scorn, shows the mettle of the man who is apt to fight fairly either on the whitewashed gridiron of a foot-ball field or in the counting-room of a bank, and the college showed they thought so too, for they did not turn off Captain Cumnock after his first defeat, but held a great mass-meeting to re-elect him, and endorsed all he had done, and bade him good luck, and told him to go in and try again. And the business men of Boston must have thought so also, for before he graduated they offered him more places than Pooh Bah himself could fill, and tried to get him away even from his own father.

A few weeks ago a young English officer was given a chance to distinguish himself in India, and he jumped at the chance, and defeated 4000 rebellious Indians with 80 trained men, and the Queen gave him a Victoria Cross and two promotions, and a great many other fine things. But long before Lieutenant now Major Grant did this, a brilliant writer wrote that "It is given to very few men to carry a line to a sinking ship, or to place a flag upon the walls of Lucknow." The important word in this quotation, as you see, or as I understand it, is "given." It is a gift; it is nothing to boast of as having been worked for or won. For surely when the chance is given to do either of these things, only the poorest of men will refuse to take the risk to seize it. And so the man who makes his chance for himself must be counted the greater of these two. It is easy enough to walk up a wall, even with cannon on top of it, when the hero-worshipping world is looking on to applaud, but to come to a great university, as this young American captain did, unknown and unheeded, and to make himself and his own personality felt through four long years, and to win over to his side the sentiment of 2000 collegians, and to make them unconsciously follow and copy his manliness of life, is a much more difficult thing to do, and a much finer. Anybody can put up stained-glass windows and build dormitories and give prizes for special courses named after the donor if he is rich enough. There is nothing easier than to give money if one has it—it is one of the advantages the rich enjoy—but it is not so easy to make yourself a power by living straight and true. And so, while there may be no walls to storm for the thousands of young boys who are entering the Freshman classes of our great universities this coming fall, they all have the chance Arthur Cumnock had, and while they cannot all be captain of the 'Varsity eleven and win championships, they can do as much as he did to help their fellow-students, and to make the life of their *alma mater* higher and purer for their presence.

And as we have not been slow over here in taking off our caps to the young English lieutenant, I think we should be equally ready to do as much, or as little, for this young American captain, not because we are Americans, and certainly not because we are Harvard men, which some of us are not, but because he did more than take his chance when it came, by making one for himself.



FREDERICK BROKAW, OF PRINCETON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

FREDERICK BROKAW.

And yet, it is very easy to turn and write for the other side, and to say that more to be envied than either of these two is Frederick Brokaw, who was given his chance at Long Branch last week, and who rose to it, and died in taking it.

Brokaw was one of the simplest, sturdiest, gentlest souls I have ever known. I know that one is always expected to speak well of the dead, but there is nothing else to write of Brokaw if one does not write well of him. He was tall, ungainly, and awkward, but his face was one of wonderful gentleness and beauty, owing to the eyes, I think, which were as frank and soft as a girl's, and showed the nature of the man to whomsoever looked into them. The smallest Freshman in the college could abuse Brokaw, and demand to know why he had dropped that foul or made that overthrow, and instead of batting him over the head for his presumption, the big giant of the 'Varsity nine would stoop over and explain about it laboriously, and almost promise not to do it again. And with this simplicity and humility of character he had the pluck and endurance of a bull-dog, as all know who have seen him stop the ball through a long hot afternoon with hands that were so bruised and broken that whenever he raised them the blood ran down his bare arms from under the cuff of his gauntlet.

In all the terrible drowning accidents that have made bathing on the Jersey coast notorious, none of late years has been so dramatically sad and pitiful as this last one, in which Frederick Brokaw gave his life to save three women. There was something so fine in the readiness, the lack of consideration, and the very recklessness, indeed, with which Brokaw and his companion sprang to the rescue of the women, without question, or calling for further aid, or thought for their own safe return. And there was something so seemingly unnecessarily cruel in the upsetting of the boat that came to their rescue, just when it reached them, the tardiness of the second boat, and the wild terror of the drowning woman that struggled and fought in the arms of her rescuer. And worse, perhaps, than all, that the father and mother of the boy had to stand helpless on the cliff and watch his struggles for the woman at his side and with the current that drew him further and further away from them, and to see the last upward stroke of his arm against the wave that beat him down.

It was just like Brokaw to lose his life for one of his mother's servants. Any other man than Brokaw would have died for the girl he loved, or for some feeble old man, or for a little child. But Brokaw was just such a chivalrous, unassuming, gentle soul as would be picked out, though he were twice the millionaire's son, to save the life "of one of the least of these," and who would go out of life as he had lived in it—imposed on with good-nature, and bearing good or evil gently and in patience.

It seems almost impossible to believe that the body that was borne across the sands by the men of the life-saving station last Thursday was that of the boy who only three weeks ago was carried on the shoulders of a wild, howling, well-dressed mob across Manhattan base-ball field, hot and tired and covered with dust and perspiration, but happy and victorious. Or that it can be the boy I have lain with on the grass of the campus in the still summer evenings at Princeton, while the Seniors sang on the steps and the Freshmen romped on the turf around us, while he bit at the blades of grass and planned for the future when he too would be out in the world, and told of the father, who, they say, took him down to Astor Place when he was eight years old, and pointing at the great building that stretched from corner to corner, said, "Fred, all this will be yours some day." But then "the readiness is all," and Brokaw was ready, I am sure; and the mother who saw him die *must* know that there are mothers whose sons are alive to-day who will perhaps outlive them, and who yet envy her seeing her son die, dying as her son did.

FAR IN THE SOUTH.

FAR in the South the redwings hear, and speed
To answer nature's far-heard Northern cry.
Swift from the fields they gather, and take on
The burden of a journey. Young and old
Swing upward to the sun, as if the need
Of earth and of her comfort were gone by,
And guided by the star of memory, run
Upon the trembling air. If, losing hold

With weary wing, one settle to the land;
If sideways glancing from the flight, one see
A fairer light than hope; or faltering,
Another answer to the white command
Hurled upward from the gun—yet joyfully
The happy flight speeds onward with the spring.

P. H. S.

GENERAL MILES'S REVIEW OF THE MEXICAN ARMY.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

BY seven o'clock the chargers were at the door of the Hotel of the Garden, and the passing crowd ceased for a time to toil and spin, and were all eyes for the American soldiers who were mounting. I confessed to an interest in the sight myself, since nearly all the United States soldiers I have seen had left their plumage in some fort, and were to be only considered from the utilitarian stand-point. The appearance of General Miles and Captain Maus, of his staff, seemed to thoroughly satisfy a crowd who were well used to military gorgeousness. It is simply marvellous how much gold cord comes into the possession of an aide-de-camp on the staff, and the metamorphoment of Captain Maus, the erstwhile chief of Indian scouts, into the glitter of the full rig was like to upset the dignity of a less heroic character.

It is well known that of all "landlubbers," to a sailor's eye, the worst ones are the soldiers. It is also seldom that a soldier can get his naval brother into a precarious situation; but in order to be properly represented at the review, it was necessary for Lieutenant A. C. Baker, of the United States navy, to mount a horse, and then was unfolded to the sight of men the fearful and marvellous phenomenon of a sailor on horseback. To his eternal credit be it said that the steed's cargo did not "list," and the "tiller-ropes" worked perfectly.

The Mexican general and his staff, accompanied by a gendarme escort, rode with the American officers to the great plain of the Viga. For military purposes the grounds are magnificent, stretching away for miles, and able to accommodate all the men who are liable to be concentrated there.

The brigade was formed, and the staff rode away down the lines in a cloud of dust. Some evolutions were accomplished, and then the "marchpast" began.

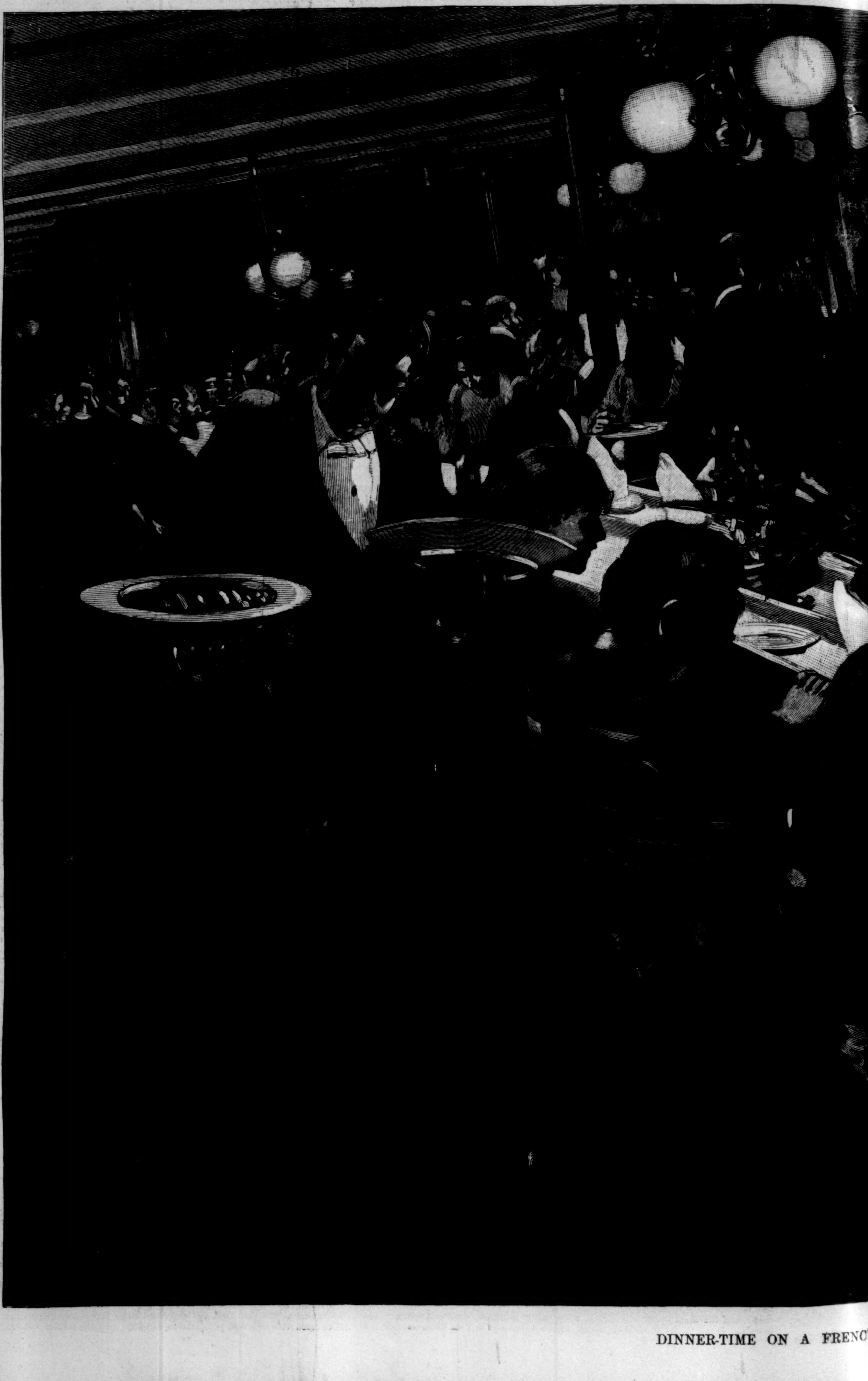
Solid ranks of infantry scuttled along, headed by their big brass bands and heavy drumcorps. They march loosely, with a lack of precision, but they move much faster than our soldiers. Some of the young line officers, lately from the school of Chapultepec, were fine young fellows, and gave their commands and salutes with great spirit. The men were in heavy marching order, which is as it should be. They looked business-like, and not as though they were going out to play tennis.

The battery rumbled along with its four-inch De Banque cannon drawn by mules. I was forced to wonder how those mules would act under fire, but there is no doubt but that they could draw the heavy guns through the burning sands of their country better than horses.

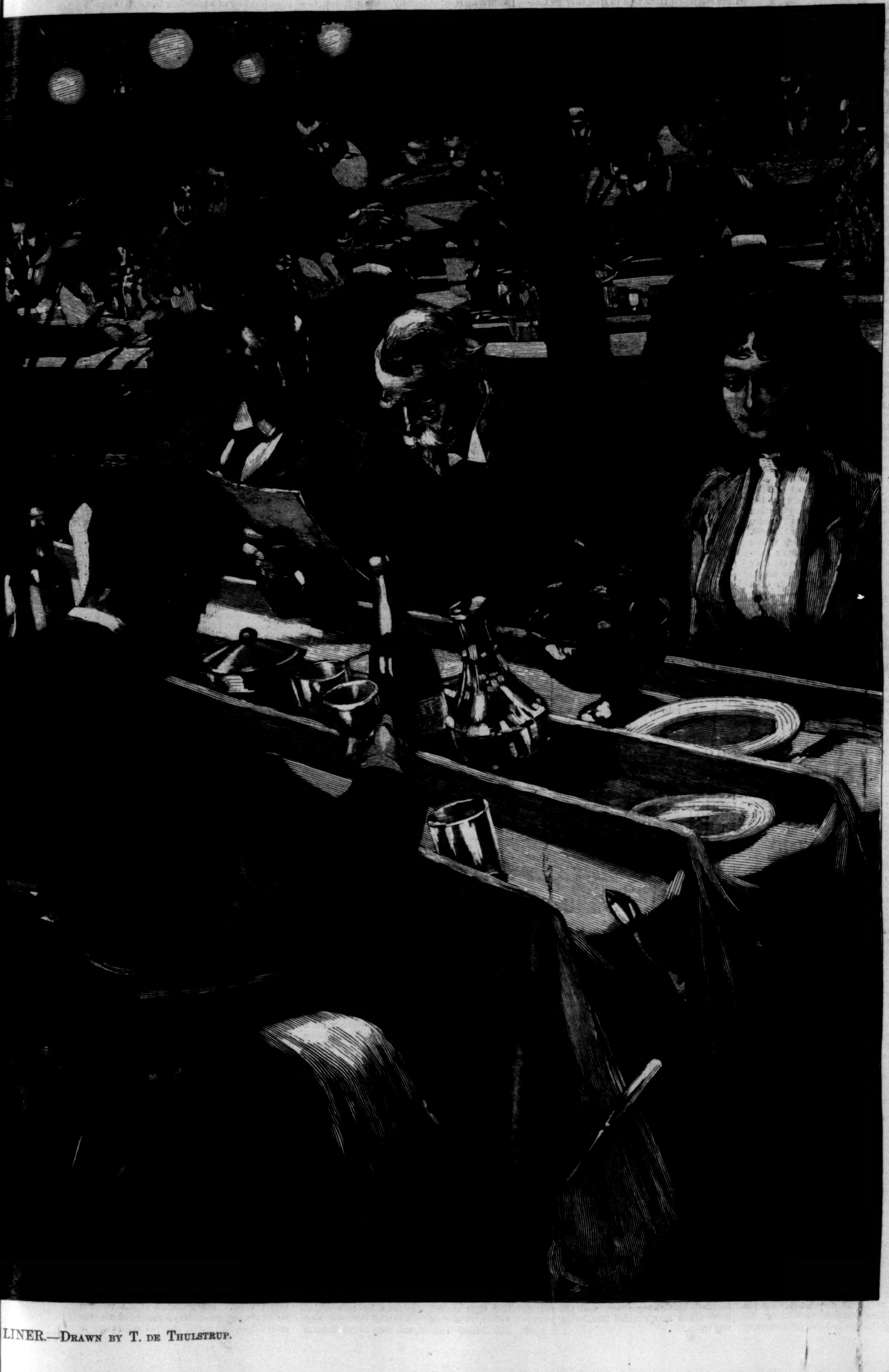
Then came the Seventh Mexican Cavalry, the crack regiment of the army, and it is my belief that a better cavalry regiment would be hard to find.

The tough, well-conditioned bronco horses were of fair size, and the Mexican cavalry accoutrement is lighter and better than our own. The swarthy Indian soldiers rode beautifully, and the alignment showed the good work of the drill-ground.

As the last file-closer went by, the American soldiers rode away with an increased respect for their fellows of the sister republic. The Mexican people have bitter memories of two foreign invasions, and they have built a service which, if ever called to oppose an enemy again, will fill that enemy with bullets and favorable opinions, and it will not be dissipated by a defeat or two, as it was before it was reorganized—or, better, created—by the soldier-statesman, President Diaz.



DINNER-TIME ON A FRENC



ENCH LINER.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

OTHER OUT-OF-DOOR PLAYS.

BY C. HAMILTON BELL.

A CRITIC of a daily paper concluded his notice of the performance of *As You Like It*, given in the grounds of Castle Point, Hoboken, New Jersey, by saying that "it is safe to say that other productions of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* will be given all over the land, wherever pleasant groves suitable to the situations of the play can be found."

This reminded me of an idea conceived long ago in England, and carried into effect with such success that I wonder it has not found its way here before. The performance at Castle Point was given by professional players; but besides that these are not always available, the stagy tone which all but the very best actors and actresses inevitably acquire goes far to mar the poetry of a pastoral play. That this form of the amusement is the ideal one for the amateur to cultivate, no one will have any doubt who has heard once in some well-wooded English park the verse of Shakespeare or Tennyson declaimed by a company of ladies and gentlemen of breeding and intelligence, whose very naturalness and lack of stagecraft, often so ludicrous when they strive to outshine their professional models in the artificial glare of the lime-light, was an added charm in the dappled shade of leafy woods.

If it can be done in England so successfully, surely some of our amateur companies might try their hands at a pastoral play. *As You Like It* is not the only available comedy, *Love's Labor's Lost* is, if possible, even a more rural, the entire action being laid in a park. It needs very little excision, and is a much more poetic and dainty idyl than would be imagined by those who have seen only Mr. Daly's treatment of it last winter.

The rustic festival, with the wooing of Florizel and Perdita, from the *Winter's Tale*, with the baiting of Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* as a farcical after-piece to follow as the dusk deepened, would make a charming woodland programme.

Much of *Twelfth Night* and most of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* take place in the open; and a spot selected in a rocky portion of a grove, such as might be found at Tuxedo, would make an ideal setting for the *Tempest*.

Quitting Shakespeare, Fletcher, whose *Faithfull Sheperdesse* was played near London, as I mention lower down, is not the only Elizabethan dramatist whose works might be successfully overhauled in search of a pastoral comedy.

Then Milton's *Comus* would be an ambitious flight, but properly treated, with music carefully considered, how exquisite an afternoon's pastime it would afford!

Of more modern plays, W. S. Gilbert's *Broken Hearts* and *Sweethearts* both take place in a garden. Will's version of *King Renés Daughter* also demands such a setting, while in German literature Goethe alone wrote a whole series of dramas—*Die Geschwister*, *Die Mitschuldigen*, *Die Fischerin*, and others—expressly for performance in the open-air theatre at Tiefurt; and even that modern classic *Iphigenia* was represented there, with the author as Orestes. French dramatic literature may also be searched with good results by those whose inclinations lead them in that direction. Here, we see, there is material for all classes of minds; and it needs but a dexterous and artistic stage-manager to seize upon innumerable delicate points which can be brought out in nature's theatre far more effectively than in man's.

One such was very noticeable the other day in *As You Like It*; there were no entrances and exits, properly so-called; the personages of the comedy were to be seen wandering about or sitting singly and in groups among the trees, and seemed to be carrying on the ordinary occupations of sylvan life. As the exigencies of the play demanded—or, as it appeared to the on-looker, by pure chance—they approached near enough for him to overhear part of their conversation, and then, separating or passing on, gave place to others, who in like manner gave him the benefit of their confidences.

A word or two of suggestion for the guidance of any whom these remarks may stir to the attempting of a pastoral play. In selecting your plot of ground—if you have any choice—due consideration for the character of the play would suggest that for *As You Like It* a more umbrageous and primeval piece of woodland be chosen than if *Love's Labor's Lost* were to be given. A garden of any extent and duration of cultivation would furnish a fitting background for *Twelfth Night*, which, with the exception of the shipwreck at the beginning, might be given almost entire. It is frequently so played, the drinking bout and all, in one scene in the German theatres.

The accessories—benches, sundial—in the case of Gilbert's *Broken Hearts* should be of as primitive and simple a nature as possible, in order to avoid discord with the grass and trees among which they must be placed.

No scenery must be brought on to the pastoral stage; a return to the simplicity of early days, with the placard "Olivia's House," would be much better.

The plot of ground having been chosen, its boundaries to the right and left, not too far apart—the stage at Castle Point was much too wide (86 feet)—should be set. If possible, clumps of bushes should be planted, behind which the actors may retire. If this cannot be done, boughs stuck into the ground thickly enough to form the necessary screen, or even two parlor curtains hung on lines stretched from tree to tree, may be called into service. Beyond this nothing is needful, though at Coombe Wood a curtain parting in the middle assisted in the division of the acts. But here again let us remember that the Shakespearian stage had no curtain, and the *exeunt omnes*, dead as well as living, alone informed the audience that the act, or even the play, was at an end.

The costumes, like the accessories, should be as simple and real-looking as the circumstances will permit, all tinsel and stage frippery being avoided, the character of the period and harmony of color being the only points striven for, and of these the latter is more important than the former. Above all, "make-up" should be rigorously eschewed; a little browning may be allowed, but very discreetly done; and if it be necessary, the eyebrows may be emphasized slightly, but no rouge should under any circumstances be employed, as it is impossible to avoid in its use that artificial violet tone which is unmistakable in sunlight.

So long ago as 1884 the idea of a pastoral play was carried into execution in England, under the auspices of a lady of title—Lady Archibald Campbell, a daughter-in-law of the Duke of Argyle. The time and place selected were the 22d and 23d of July, in the woods of Coombe House, Kingston-on-Thames, near enough to London to make it a pleasant afternoon's trip to "Arden."

As in New York, the play was *As You Like It*, of which only the forest scenes were given, and the Orlando was Lady Archibald Campbell herself. Two Americans, oddly enough, figured prominently in the cast—Miss Eleanor Calhoun, who played Rosalind, and Mr. Hermann Vezin, who has become, in the eyes of London play-goers, identified with the part of "the melancholy Jaques."

The late Mr. E. W. Godwin, who, besides being an artist *au bout des ongles*, was an archæologist of high standing, and who on these occasions proved himself an able and tasteful stage-manager, designed the costumes and arranged the groupings. Under his supervision the banished Duke and his following wore, for the first time in my memory, the garb of foresters, and were clad in leather and serge instead of masquerading in velvets and brocades.

So great was the success of this venture that the year following a bolder flight was attempted by the same body of ladies and gentlemen, amateur and professional. They chose for their performance on July 27, 1885, in the same woodland surroundings, what may be regarded as the pastoral play *par excellence* in the English language—Fletcher's *Faithfull Sheperdesse*.

The range of English pastoral drama is not extensive. Pastoral comedy is in its essence of a more artificial character than comedy of any other type—artificial as all types of stage comedy are—and the number of comic writers who have made successful excursions into the realm of Pan is very small.

At first blush the Elizabethan idyl would seem to be somewhat coarse for the dainty ears of modern society, but "Lady Archie" was not to be daunted, and Mr. Godwin, with the aid of Mr. W. G. Wills, author of *Charles I.*, *Olivia*, and other well-known poetic dramas, edited the play with marked success, compressing it in the process from five acts into three, in which form it played just two hours.

It may be objected that it is an idyl in the Theocritean sense rather than a drama, and ought not to be acted at all; but sitting in Coombe Wood, under the shade of venerable elms, with the sun slanting through the thick boughs in bars of dusty gold, one was not too nice upon such points, nor overanxious to pry into faults of construction or naturalness of motive.

One was willing for once to let plot and probabilities take care of themselves, and to watch with quiet pleasure the unfolding of one lovely picture after another, to rest on the sensuous music of Fletcher's verse, as shepherds and shepherdesses wandered hither and thither, and the little checkered drama of their loves unrolled itself to a running accompaniment of pastoral song, the notes of oaten pipes, and the gambolling of satyrs among the fern and brushwood.

So delightful, and, on the whole, so complete, was the illusion that one was fain to think that after all something not so very unlike this might almost have happened in Thessalian glades a couple of thousand years ago.

The scenes lend themselves readily to just that sort of decorative treatment which best befits a woodland idyl played in the leafy woods, and the opportunity thus afforded was seized and made the most of by the artistic director. The grouping of the characters, whenever a crowd was present on the stage, was in the highest degree effective. No picture could be imagined softer and sweeter in color, more admirable in design, or more harmonious in its general effect than that which was disclosed when the curtain was first drawn aside. A band of shepherds and shepherdesses were discovered, wreathed in measured dance about the tall image of Pan, to which, while the smoke of incense rose from the altar below, they were singing a hymn of praise. The music ended, the priest of Pan appeared, tall, white-bearded, in flowing robes, and the rustics knelt while he sprinkled them with purifying water.

This was but one of many such beautiful pictures. How quaintly pleasing, for instance, the effect at the close of the first act, where the shepherds, leaving their flocks in the heat of the day, cast themselves down on the moss under the trees, and singing a drowsy slumber song, one by one dropped off to sleep. The procession from the bower of Clorin, which, with a hymn to the god of sheep, brings the play to an end, was another example of the clever marshalling of auxiliaries—a picture glowing with color. These rustics formed the chorus, and discoursed most excellent music, composed especially for the play by the Rev. A. W. Batson.

Lady Archibald Campbell again played a youth, Perigot, and had for her Faithfull Sheperdesse no less a personage than the Princess Hellen of Kappurthala. Lady Archie's performance was such that it is safe to say that Miss Ellen Terry alone of modern English-speaking actresses could have surpassed it in poetic grace. It was all but perfect. She looked such a youth as Miss Anderson does in Rosalind, and far surpassed her in grace and refinement of carriage and diction.

By this time a performance in the environs of the metropolis by the "Pastoral Players," as they called themselves, had become one of the events of the London season, and was as inevitably patronized by royalty and society as Ascot or the university cricket match.

In 1886 the scene was shifted from Coombe to Wimbledon, where, in a fair and tranquil bit of woodland that looked like one of the opener and less tangled glades of the New Forest, was presented the love idyl of Rosamond Clifford—*Fair Rosamond*—and King Henry II. It was an adaptation for pastoral purposes; and in a form as pastoral as possible, of Lord Tennyson's tragedy *Becket*, done with skill, tact, and sympathy by Mr. E. W. Godwin, art director of the society. The contrast with the last year's performance was as marked as possible. In place of classic Arcadia we had Plantagenet England. The change was not all for the better, and involved the necessary sacrifice of much that had given its peculiar charm to the earlier productions. The gossamer garb, butterfly-hued and daintily draped, of Greek shepherdesses had fled from the scene, and was replaced by the dull and clownish jerkin of the British yokel of the twelfth century.

With them went the tripping measures, rhythmic and blithe, which the Thessalian swains trod round and about the high altar of the great god Pan to the rustic music of sheep bells and reed pipes.

Considered merely as a picture, *Fair Rosamond* was in no way comparable to *The Faithfull Sheperdesse*, and I think this no small loss.

In the open, where the voice of the player must needs be resonant indeed to reach the last of a great throng of spectators, it is most important to have the gap, should any occur, filled by such appeals to the eye as were made when the white-bearded priest of Pan towered, beside the altar, above his kneeling flock while the last notes of the choral song still vibrated among the rustling leaves.

However, this being granted, there was little else to excuse; the dominant notes of the lyre of Tennyson soon drowned the echoes of the oaten pipe of Fletcher, and the arrangement of the play left little or nothing to be desired.

The bower of Rosamond was the spot about which this pastoral version of *Becket* centred, and Rosamond was its star. Mr. Godwin's aim was to subordinate everything to the love-story, which, though but an episode in the Laureate's tragedy, is in reality the most interesting and beautiful thing in it.

The action passes in the outskirts of the bower, what there is of it; for it is but a very simple tale when all is said that has to be unfolded. There is the one love scene between the King and Rosamond, fresh and dewy, even in the reading, as the woodland verdure among which we here witness it. Then in the succeeding scene the shadow of her coming doom falls upon Rosamond; from that we pass rapidly to the tense and fervid scene between Rosamond and the Queen, the last played with the fiery energy so familiar to New York play-goers as a characteristic of Miss Genevieve Ward. She looked what she was, the evil genius of the play; one almost felt that the sun ought to cease shining when she pushed through the thicket, and with her first word split the love-harmony of the scene.

Lady Archibald, herself the Perigot of the Thessalian pastoral, transformed herself into the mediæval Princess; and the transformation was so complete that in the Princess the Prince was forgotten. Her delicate blue dress made Rosamond one with her surroundings, and in the love scene she moved and spoke like the fair and gentle flower who lives so distinctly in Tennyson's verse.

Mr. Godwin would seem to have been more than merely the art director of the company of Pastoral Players, much of the initiative and most of the ideas would seem to have been his also, for on his death, in October, 1886, the company dissolved, and gave no more performances under the greenwood tree.

The idea was too good a one not to find imitators, and more than one band of professional actors was organized, who, except that their roving was done by railroad, rivalled the strolling players of the early English drama. Indeed, one body of enthusiastic amateurs discussed long and seriously the practicability of wandering through the pleasant English country in a gypsy van, with a limited but Shakespearian wardrobe, and playing pastoral plays beneath ancestral oaks of this or that great country-seat they might run across in their roamings; and though they never carried their plan to execution, they yet proved the practicability of playing many of the excerpts from the Elizabethan drama which I have mentioned above, and with only such simple surroundings as the authors probably provided for these masterpieces.

It is interesting to note how the passion for out-of-door theatrical performances has burst forth periodically. Among the most famous of any such undertakings we must count those that took place at Weimar in Goethe's time. Many of us have driven over from Weimar to Tiefurt for the mere pleasure of strolling idly by the bank of the Ilm, and imagining the fairy-like scenes that were there performed. Tiefurt is an ideal villa for the gay pranks of a small provincial but intelligent court. Royalty may there amuse itself, yet cannot be formidable, for the rooms are too small and the atmosphere too intimate; but for rehearsals of ballet and love scenes and the playing of practical jokes, the little old house, with its many tiny rooms, its out-of-the-way corners and winding corridors, is unsurpassed. Here, toward the end of the last century, gathered one of the most highly intellectual groups that have met together for mutual entertainment. Goethe, who was, of course, the soul and direction of everything; the Grand Duke, Karl August; the Duchess Amalia; Prince Constantine; the beautiful Corona Shröter, whom Goethe had known while he was a student in Leipzig, and whom he afterwards induced to come to Weimar as court singer; Fräulein von Göchhausen, the merry little hump-backed maid of honor whom Karl August was so fond of teasing—these, with a host of others, made up the distinguished troupe, which contained within its own ranks poets, composers, scene-painters, costumers, ballet-master, and stage-manager. Like the pastoral players of London under Lady Archie, this gay company did not confine its performances to one bit of woodland, but played in the parks of the various palaces in the neighborhood of Weimar—at Ettersburg, Belvedere, going even as far afield as to Jena, Dornburg, and Ilmenau. These short journeys were almost as much fun as the performances themselves. The members of the troupe were conveyed generally in some of the Grand Duke's carriages; sometimes they rode on horseback. The men almost always preferred this mode, as the roads in those days were none of the best. They seem to have lived quite in picnic fashion during their excursions, on cold meats, if we may believe the accounts of the preparations made before leaving Weimar.

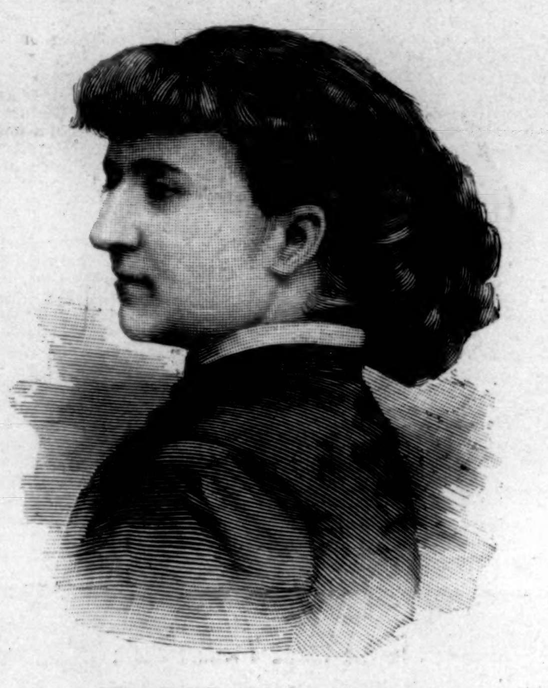
The ducal kitchen was the scene of great activity during the preceding night, for the usual hour of departure was at dawn. If the play was to be given at Tiefurt, then three sumpter-asses sufficed to carry the store of fowl and game and fish; but if they were going to one of the more distant palaces, they took with them the sumpter-wagon or travelling kitchen. The little dining-room on the ground-floor at Tiefurt, with its windows looking into the garden, is one of the most interesting rooms there. It is tiled from floor to ceiling, and in the centre there is a long table whose top is also composed of tiles. These tiles are painted to represent all the proper appointments for a dinner table—plates, dishes of fruit and flowers, platters holding birds stuffed and trussed, and joints of roasted meat. Here one could indulge in an elaborate ghostly feast without the aid of cooks or serving-men, but I am afraid the revelry would not be so hilarious as under Goethe's leadership and the influence of the more substantial viands from the Grand Duke's larder.

A door from this room opens into the park; a straight gravel-path beneath thick trees leads to a semicircular lawn, screened from the view of the villa by dense greenery; at the foot of this lawn runs the narrow Ilm, crossed by a wooden bridge. This was the Tiefurt theatre.

Here, on a summer evening in 1782, Goethe's charming operetta, *The Fisher Maiden*, was performed. The bank of the Ilm and the stream itself were used as the stage, the bank then as now overshadowed by tall alders. Beneath these were arranged fishermen's huts, and nets were spread out to dry. On the water rested the boats. The scene was illuminated with torches and lanterns and the light from the real fire on Dortchen's hearth. She grows impatient at the long absence of her father and lover, and determines to frighten them on their return by making them think that she is drowned. She carefully arranges her jugs and hat by the river-side, and then hides in the bushes. The father and lover come home, with their boat full of fish; their fears are aroused as Dortchen intended; they call up their neighbors, and every one goes in search of the missing girl. One can imagine the picturesque scene when the men lighted their torches and strip of wood; two little points of land run into the river here, from which Greek-fire was flashed. The audience, growing absorbed in the beauty of the effect, rushed on to the bridge in order to get a better view. Being but a slight wooden structure, it gave way, precipitating the crowd into the water, and the actors had to turn their attention to rescuing the audience. No one was hurt, but when the play was resumed, and Dortchen appeared from the bushes and explained the joke, it fell rather flat.

The répertoire of this gifted company is too long to be mentioned in detail. Several of Goethe's dramas were written for their benefit, and even so important a work as his *Iphigenia* was intrusted to their hands rather than to professional interpreters. Goethe himself played Orestes, Prince Constantine was Pylades, and Corona Schröter Iphigenia. Dr. Hufeland writes, after witnessing the performance: "Never shall I forget the impression Goethe made as Orestes, in his Grecian costumes; one might have fancied him Apollo. Never before had there been seen such union of physical and intellectual beauty in our man."

Probably no man ever had a saner view of the function of the drama as a civilizing influence than Goethe, and certainly if he considered this sylvan form of it as a fitting pastime for his royal patrons and himself, it ought to encourage us in our attempt to revive it. What other form of entertainment appeals so strongly to our imagination, or calls into play so many faculties? It brings us into touch with that earlier and simpler life, and makes us feel the grace that was part of it.



MRS. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. PARNELL.

The minor prophets who are engaged as foreign correspondents are busied just now in writing "I told you so." This exultation on their part may be pardoned when one reflects that their prophecies are on a par, as a rule, with the Weather Bureau prognostications. For some months they have been predicting the marriage of Charles Stewart Parnell with Mrs. O'Shea, alternating the prediction with the "war cloud" rumor and the other stock prophecies regarding the state of Europe which are continually on hand. On June 25th the marriage actually took place, at the Registrar's office at Steyning, in Sussex; hence the exultation on the part of the foreign correspondents. It was only a civil ceremony, absolutely private, the only witnesses being two servants from the hotel where Mr. Parnell has had his residence. The marriage was performed under a special license obtained two days before, and the greatest efforts were made to keep the fact a secret. Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea started early in the morning from Brighton, and, taking a roundabout way, reached the town of Steyning, eleven miles distant, by nine o'clock. An hour later, on the opening of the Registrar's office, Charles Stewart Parnell, bachelor, member of Parliament, aged forty-four years, was married according to the civil rites to Katherine O'Shea, formerly Wood, divorced wife of Henry O'Shea, acknowledged to be of full age. They then returned to Brighton. The minor prophets are now announcing that a religious ceremony will shortly take place.

The case of Mr. Parnell, which brought the Irish party into disruption, is still fresh, and the party is also unreconciled. Last November Captain O'Shea, a member of Parliament and a follower of Parnell, entered a suit for absolute divorce against his wife. Mr. Parnell was named in the suit, but he allowed the matter to go by default, and the divorce was duly granted. Then the afore-mentioned prophecies began, but the Irish leader was too busy with his political complications to attend to much else at that time. There was a beautiful upheaval in the Irish party, which promptly divided itself into two parts, and entered upon an internecine conflict. At North Kilkenny, where the two factions fought for a seat, the interesting fable of the cats was repeated, and the cause of the party was forgotten in the riot. Then affairs cooled down somewhat, but sporadic outbreaks have occurred, in which recrimination has followed upon accusation. There has been a lull in the storm of late, and Mr. Parnell has taken advantage of it to fulfil the oft-spoken prophecies. Mrs. Parnell is the daughter of the late Sir Page Wood, Baronet, of Essex. She is said to be intellectual and refined. Mr. Parnell has been steadily losing ground, and whether his marriage with the woman who has caused all the trouble will mend matters in any way remains to be seen.

INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAMS.

BY EDWARD ANTHONY BRADFORD.

If the gentlemen charged with the duty of telegraphing public intelligence between the United States and Europe do not take themselves seriously, who will or should? If they find themselves retrograding in public esteem, and if they feel their office to be losing any portion of whatever worth or dignity it once possessed, whom have they to blame but themselves? And if newspaper readers are rather indignant than amused at the sort of stuff thought fit to be furnished for their perusal, what resource have they but to make public protest of their grievance, with specifications to prove its reality?

Here, for instance, in the last days of May, is a long telegram from the United States describing to English readers how a negress cooked and served her baby for a meal for a party of dancers. Americans, it is safe to say, first learned the important intelligence through protests against its publication. But if they had been in London, they would have seen it printed among news from European capitals, and with every evidence of equal editorial esteem. Did nothing happen in America that day beyond the eating of that baby? And if so, was it necessary or even worth while to telegraph it to foreign journals, whose readers are often dull enough, and still more often malicious enough, to regard such statements as narratives of characteristic racial facts evidencing the national genius rather than as feats of fancy?

Americans need not flatter themselves that such fables are deemed fit only for obtuse foreigners. An almost contemporaneous story which telegrapher and editor alike esteemed worthy to place before Americans related how M. Künckel d'Herculais, while searching for insect specimens in Algeria, was bitten and smothered to death by a flight of locusts, even though he vigorously defended himself by lighting large fires. Although scarcely strictly important, it was a curious occurrence, and possibly worth recording if true. But when it is known that the story was merely a jest by a Parisian paragrapher, it does seem that the men who send and the men who print such paltry fables as serious information trifle with their readers.

It is all very well to say let the readers look out for themselves. How are they to do so, even supposing they possess that somewhat rare faculty of disregarding the authority of print? Take an instance of a more serious sort. American journals printed within the last week of May a telegram asserting that the American war ship *Vermont* had been sunk by a collision in Chinese waters. No details were given. Every relative of every soul aboard was left to imagine anything. To those in the telegraphing trade—really it is increasingly difficult to call it a profession—the unravelling of the truth was simple. The *Vermont*, of course, had not been in Chinese waters for half a century, nor had the old hulk for many years stirred its decaying bones from the protecting mud at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. There the tide did cause an almost harmless collision some months ago. This fact had travelled around the world, had returned across the Pacific to San Francisco in a Chinese print, and was there born again into a fresh statement of fact. Now is it fair to ask newspaper readers to protect themselves against believing such canards? Was it not rather the duty of the telegrapher and the editor not to mislead their readers? And if they rashly set such misinformation afloat, are they not responsible for a share of the disesteem which their craft is receiving?

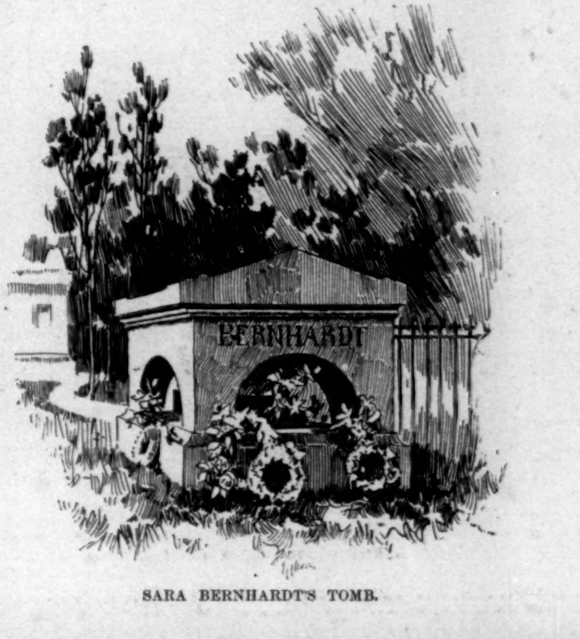
It is so far from the purpose to deal harshly with the perplexities of the telegraphers' art, or business, or trade, or whatever it may be called, that an instance or two may usefully be given of errors of which it is difficult to allege undue fault. Possibly New-Yorkers who twice read the story of the sinking of the *Blanco Encalada* with all on board by the insurgents' torpedo, may wonder how the story came to be twice printed in New York in nearly identical words. The incident, being very important in a naval as well as humane sense, was telegraphed around the world briefly, and was known almost simultaneously in New York and London, but in rather greater detail in London. When the mails brought the full story to New York, the question for the telegrapher from New York to London was how much was known in London, for in the telegraphers' copious lexicon of faults there is none to compare with staleness and duplication. The comparison of routes and times led to the conclusion that all was not known in England. Accordingly it was once more telegraphed to London, and being duly published there, once more came to the United States, where it was again printed as original news. Unless newspaper men are to be omniscient, it is difficult to allege improper waste of tolls and newspaper space and readers' attention in this case.

One other and most important instance of the art with which it is necessary to read every item of telegraphic news—minutely analyzing its source and route and phrasing, and even its punctuation, if the intelligence be worth the trouble—will suffice. How many persons know that the lid of the Argentine troubles which now convulse the financial world was first lifted by a telegraphic mischance? On the 1st of last July the London *Times* announced that the Argentine National Bank had suspended payment. It had done something very different, as a matter of fact; but before the correction could be made, it was telegraphed around the world, carrying everywhere anxiety and ruin. Of course the telegram did not cause the mercantile unsoundness which resulted in the instant loss of scores of millions, and a lingering sequel of incalculable total. But still the announcement of bankruptcy was wrongly made in the world's model journal. How did it happen? It was all a matter of punctuation. Ocean telegrams contain no punctuation. There is no way of cobbling a period or a quotation mark. Where punctuation is absolutely necessary, the full word "period" or "quotation" is telegraphed. This fateful message arrived at the office of the London *Times* in this shape: "Argentine National Bank announced suspension payment quarterly dividend ordered last annual meeting," etc. The editor inserted a period after "payment," began a new sentence with a capital *Q*, and the world was thrilled. It ought not to have happened, but to give the telegrapher his due, he is not always and solely to blame.

Is there any moral to these professional anecdotes? One suggestion possibly worth reviving is that confusion of time-reckoning should be obviated by the adoption everywhere of the same name for the same instant of time. Monday here is not Monday in the antipodes. Even between countries so neighborly as England and the United States there is ample room for puzzling and blundering between P.M. of Monday and A.M. of Tuesday. Every one who has telegraphed much has pondered long and seriously over the mysterious symbols at the top of the blank form to make out exactly when the telegram was started and received. It would only be necessary to agree upon a universal day, with hours numbered consecutively to 24, instead of in a duplicate series of 12. But it is more to the purpose of this paper to urge telegraphers to respect themselves, their profession, and their readers. They should avoid telegraphing with their tongues in their cheeks as they would avoid any other dishonest or ungentlemanly or unpatriotic act. Here is an example of what is meant: Harold Frederic, the well-known American, who telegraphs from London to the United States, remonstrates with the vivacious gentleman who is responsible for any impression abroad that cannibalism is customary among American negroes. In no way abashed, he replied:

"We have what we call a Sunday crime, which is sent each week *in extenso* to American papers, they not caring to have more than one in a week; but we have also what is known in the office as a daily crime, which the English editor desires to receive six times a week from America."

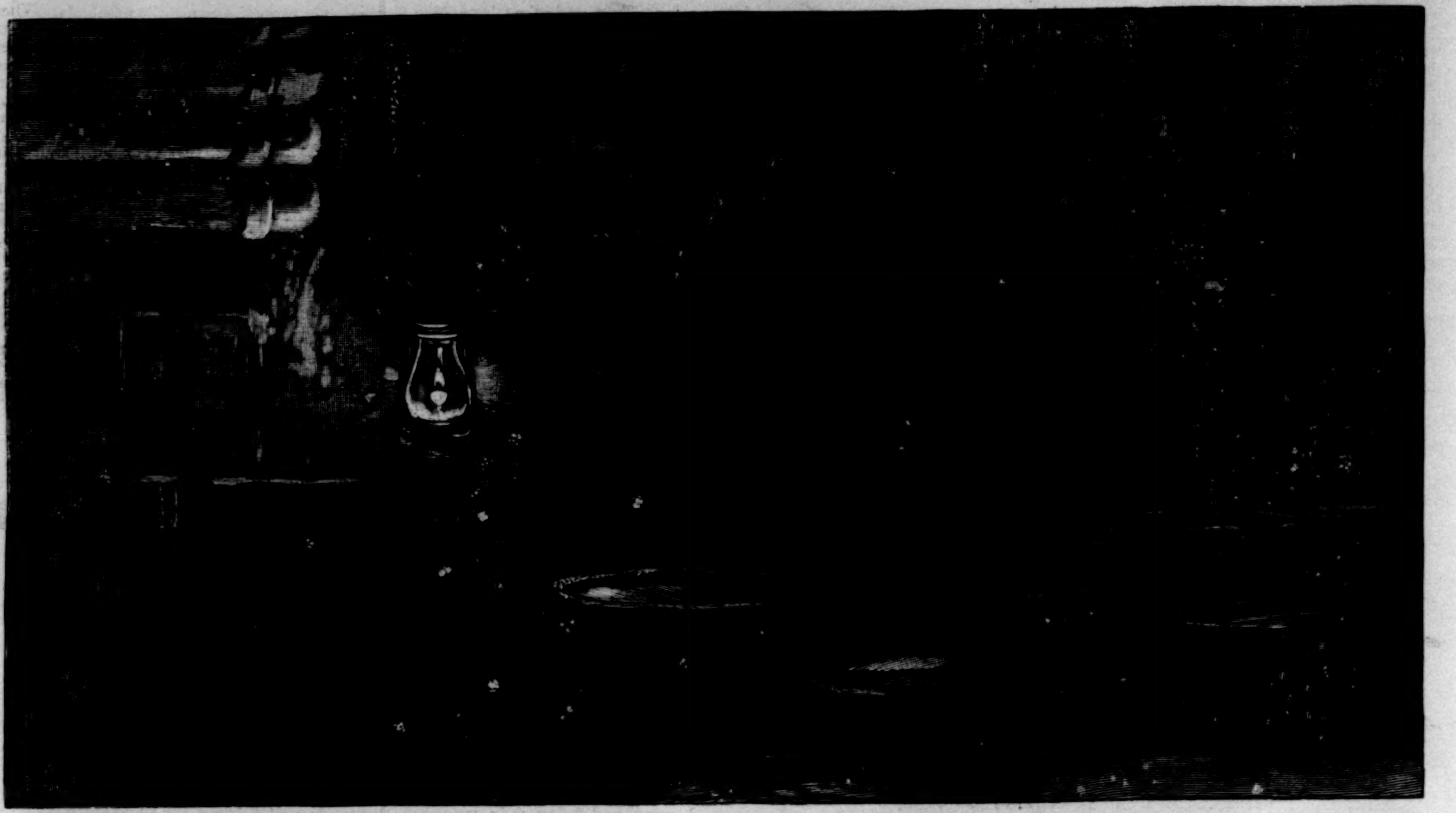
To the writer this seems an epitome of all that is bad in journalistic telegraphing. It casts undue reproach upon the editors and readers of two nations, and tends to degrade their serious journals to the level of the Parisian boulevards. "'Tis true, 'tis pity. And pity 'tis, 'tis true." The question is, is such telegraphing a sporadic fault, or is it a symptom of the universal degeneration of the era of cheap journalism?



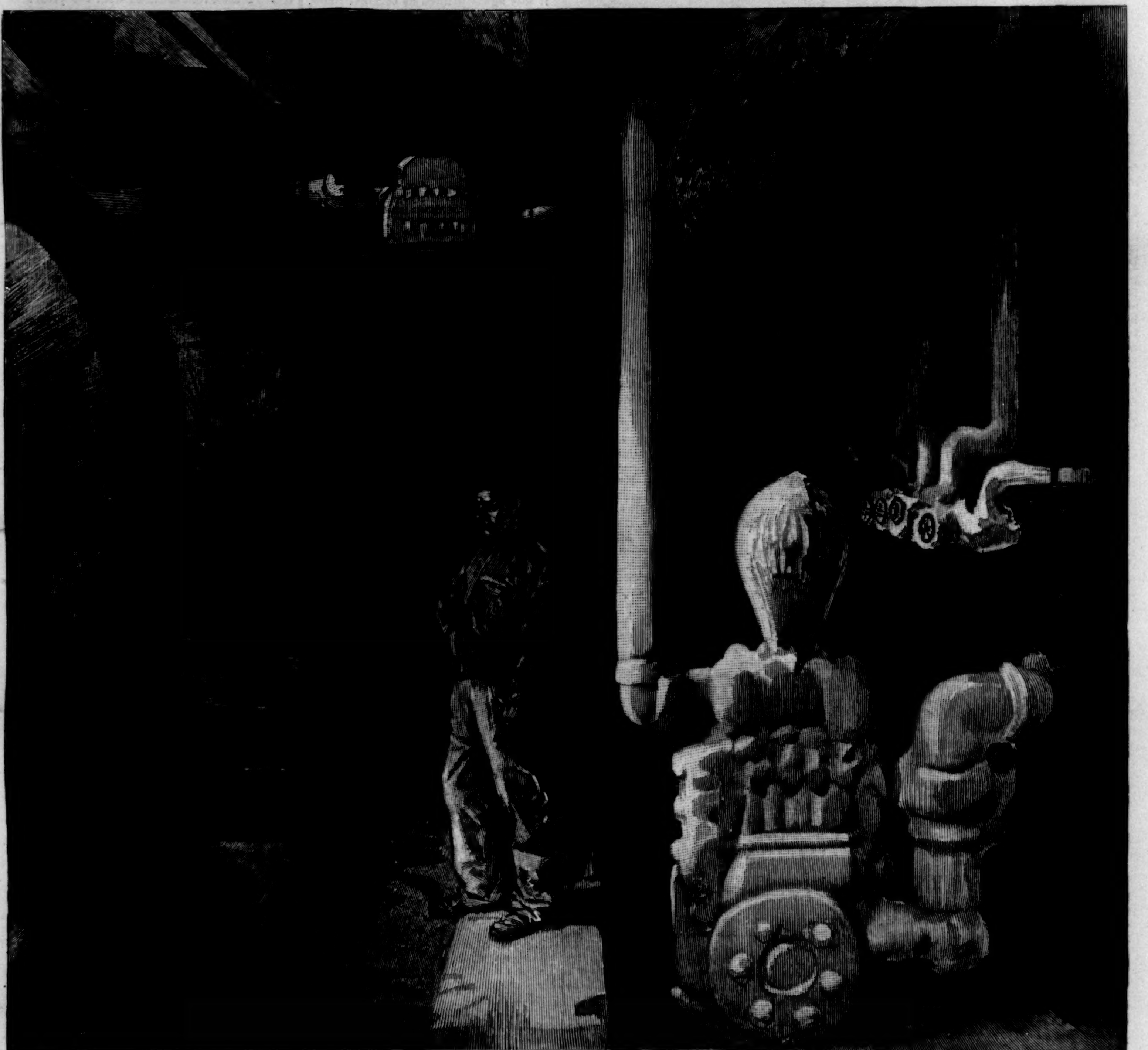
SARA BERNHARDT'S TOMB.

MADAME BERNHARDT'S MORTUARY PREPARATIONS.

Amid the applause of the theatre-going world and the glare of the foot-lights, the triumphs of art and the satisfaction of success, Madame Bernhardt has always seemed to have a morbid turn of mind. It may be that the splendor of living suggests the inevitable by force of contrast; it may be that the unpoetical region behind the stage, so associated with the glitter of the boards, has turned the thought of the actress toward the general hollowness and vacuity of this mundane existence. Perhaps, after all, philosophical reflection has had nothing to do with it, and Madame Bernhardt may have been impelled by motives of eccentricity; or again there may have been no philosophy or motive in it all. Whatever the cause, which each one may determine to his own satisfaction, it is now a matter of sober history that a large tomb (empty) stands in the cemetery of Père Lachaise bearing the name of "Bernhardt." The tomb is dignified and classical in its simplicity, and here the flowers passed over the foot-lights by the Parisian admirers of the actress find a resting-place. There is an ideal artlessness about the thought—the wreaths of triumph may go to seek the tomb of Art, and the triumphant artiste can do the decoration herself. So long as she may live, Madame Bernhardt can see that her grave is kept green. The tomb is out of the beaten paths of the cemetery, but one can picture the actress as she hies thither in the early morning, her carriage laden with the triumphs of the night before. With tearful eye and reverent mien the baskets and wreaths are placed upon the empty sarcophagus, while the veiled lady reads her own name upon the marble tomb, and wonders whether life is not all a dream. It is a happy way as well to dispose of garlands that must be a great nuisance to an actress.

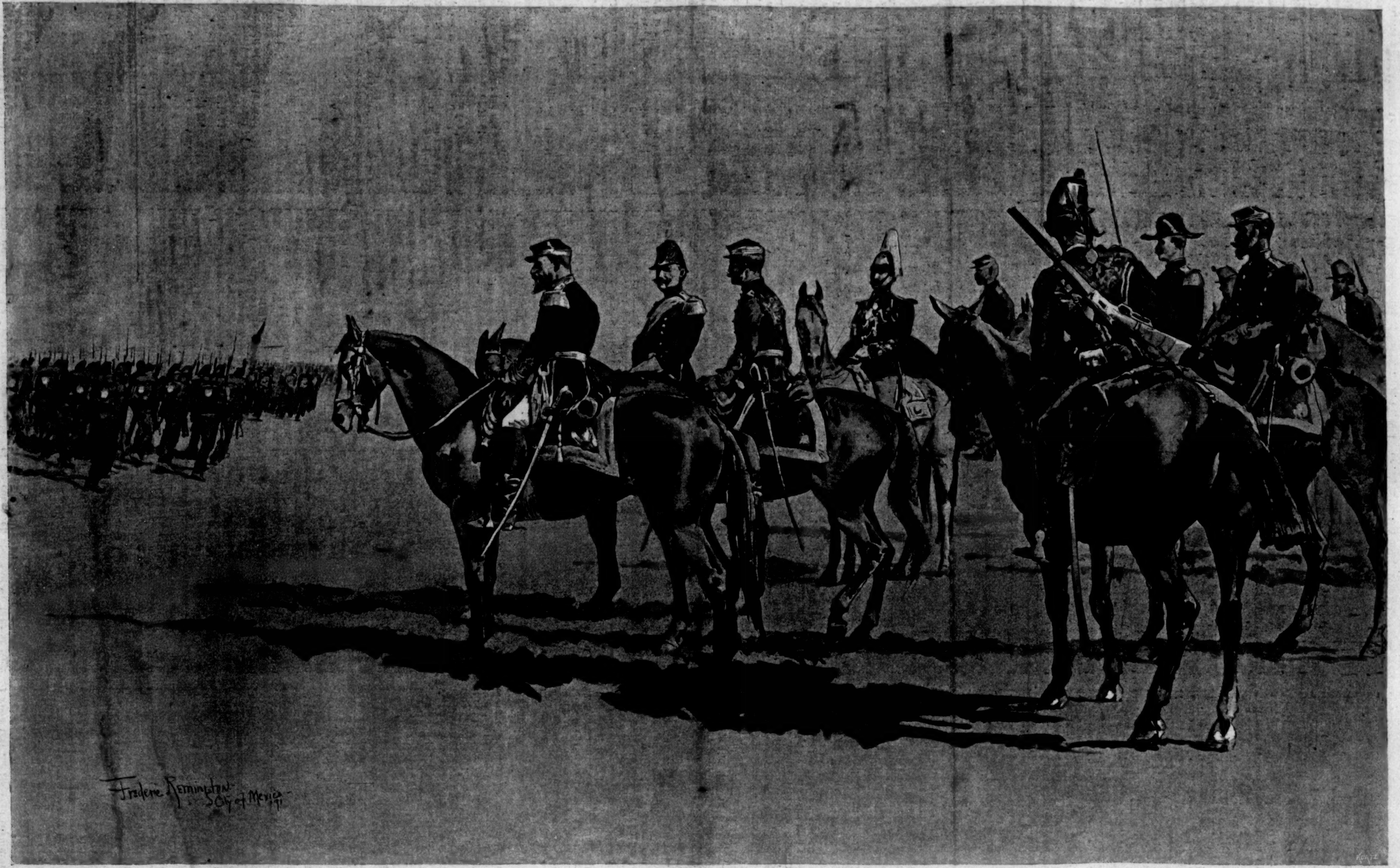


A SNOW-STORM IN JULY.



THE ENGINE-ROOM IN THE COLD STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

FOOD PRESERVATION—COLD STORAGE.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 508.]


Frederic Remington.
City of Mexico '91

GENERAL MILES REVIEWING THE MEXICAN ARMY.—Drawn on the Spot by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 495.]

THE HENLEY REGATTA.

BY FAIRFAX HARRISON.

At this season of the year, when the newspapers teem with letters from New London for a week before the college races, and every day we read of the time and form of the rival crews; when a Certain Great Coach is the delight of the reporters and the despair (so 'tis whispered) of the overworked Recording Angel—the regular question transpires, "Why don't an American crew go to England?" Harvard has done this years ago, and so has Columbia, and enthusiastic Yalensians to-day, or perhaps I should say yesterday, babbled for their turn, and boasted of showing a clean rudder to Britain's best. The best place for judging of the all-around capabilities of the English oarsman, with such a thought in mind and an eye for comparisons, is at Henley.

Henley Royal Regatta is held annually on the Thames during the first week in July, and is the great aquatic event of the year, as all the world of what is known in journalese as rowing circles knows. But as there no doubt may be those Philistines who have never heard of this brilliant water festival, it will be well to preface this paper by a short account of the institution.

In 1839, the records tell us, took place the first contest for the now famous Grand Challenge Cup for Eights at Henley, on the Thames, about sixty-five miles above London; and year after year, as the regatta grew in importance, were added the Thames Cup and the Ladies' Plate for different classes of eights, the Visitors' Cup, the Steward's Cup, and the Wyford Cup for fours, the Silver Goblets for pairs, and, greatest of all, the Diamond Sculls for scullers, so that to-day the regatta is second only to Ascot as a sporting event and function for Society with a capital *S*.

The quiet little town of Henley, nestling, with its red roofs, under the crenellated tower of St. Mary's Church for all the rest of the year, is a mere resting-place for migrate "trippers" on the river, who come ashore to see the Sir Godfrey Kneller in the church, and quote, over a pewter of shandy-gaff at the Red Inn, the now hackneyed verses which Shenstone there wrote upon a window-pane:

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn."

But for the week before the regatta many-hued birds of passage begin to arrive, and the river is alive with racing-boats from all England—Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates predominating, as every college eight which has done itself credit on Cam or Isis a few weeks before is sure to be on hand to have a shy at higher honors, while the public schools send their quota of slender striplings—"Wet Bobs" they call them at Eton—to do their bravest to win a reputation to take up to the universities. Then the long reaches over the course and above and below the locks echo to the shouts of coachers galloping on the towpath, and "old blues" don their colors, and lean over the arches of the splendid bridge that here unites Oxfordshire and Berkshire, smoking interminable black pipes, which seem to have some strange connection with their breathing apparatus, and garrulously prating their stories of the days when there *were* giants, the ancient history of the battles of Woodgate and of Casamajor.

All this time the house-boats have been arriving, floating villas, dink and dainty in their fresh paint and potted plants. From Regatta Island, a reedy eyot from which the boats start, up the river, to the finish below the bridge, near the lawn of the Red Inn, these are strung along—after much squabbling for position, it must be confessed—for a mile and a quarter, all eager in their gay attire to usurp the domains of the swans, and to drive the stately birds into the quieter backwaters, there to discuss their wrongs, and meditate a grand remonstrance to their masters the Honorable Dyers' and Vintners' Companies of London.

All the early trains out of Paddington Station on the first day of the regatta come down laden with men and women arrayed in flannels and muslins. In the old days of the Fish Pond, so called, at Rodick's, at Bar Harbor, it was modestly believed by the college youths who spent their summer evenings on the stairs of that famous caravansary that all the possible combinations and permutations of the colors in the palette had been exhausted in the manufacture of blazers, till even the carpers of the comic press were dazzled into silence; but at Henley regatta it is no exaggeration to say that Joseph in his birthday coat would have passed unnoticed in the crowd, unless he had been remarked as a disciple of Messrs. Morris and Burne-Jones, and too much given to half-tints and æsthetic sage-greens.

From up and down the river the locks are crowded with boats, manned by the same vivid crowd, and in such numbers that one would think that every skiff and dingy, punt, gig, or canoe, that swims the river from Thames' head to London Bridge was come to pay homage to the eikon of the Pater Themesis, graven on the keystone of Henley Bridge,

> "His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge."

The 'Arries and 'Arriets, they are here as well, blatantly happy in the crowd along the towpath on the Berkshire bank, where frizzled-haired little "Christyniggers" are piping to a twanging banjo, "You can bet your bottom dollar on dat," and the irrepressible pea-and-thimble trickster plies his trade before admiring audiences. The house-boats meanwhile, crowded with the smart people whose names you can read any day at breakfast in your *Morning Post*, make a gay background, stippled here and there with the college barges floated down from Oxford, and flaunting their pennants and oriflammes. The river is an inextricable tangle of boats. It is said that he who lets a woman steer at Henley is liable to prosecution as a public nuisance. A few steam-launches add to the confusion; while in mid stream floats helplessly a huge black gondola, piloted unskilfully by a red-haired *bareajuolo* in a sweater—the whole thing as out of place as the Ugly Duckling in the farm-yard.

The two crews in the first trial heat of the Grand Challenge or Steward's cup have threaded their way up to the start through this press, and presently the warning toot! toot! toot! of the referee's launch is heard. The fakirs drop their games, the crowd of boats jam back behind the post to leave a narrow lane for the crews to pass, and one hears the roar of applause coming down the river abreast of the crews like the thunder of an approaching train. A flash, and they are gone by you, and first heat is rowed and won, while the river once more is bridged with boats.

There is a pause in the sport at luncheon-time, and the river life is suspended. The pop of champagne corks and the rattle of china is heard on all sides. Boatmen stand waist-deep near the reedy bank, with their arms circled by the badge of their trade—celebrated as long ago as the time of James I. by Taylor the Water Poet—to draw in the landing boats. The green of the riparian meadows and lawns is soon splotched by white table-cloths, and merry parties are soon seated at a substantial meal. The English people certainly do understand the art of putting up a luncheon for the open air—"suthin' as is a meal and no mistake"; for here are squab pies and veal patties unctuously suggestive of Mr. Pickwick and the Fat Boy at the parade on Rochester Tines, and insidious claret-cup to wash it down withal. Besides, there is always a neat-footed groom to hand things about and gather up of the remains many hampers full. The talk is at its merriest, while wheedling-tongued gypsy women in scarlet petticoats flit like bees from group to group, and venders carry about great panniers of all kinds of fruit, like the chromos that hang to tempt watery-mouthed small boys in every New England parlor.

But on the last day of the regatta is the best of the sport, as the rowing goes; for then the final heats are contested. I saw the mighty Guy Nickalls, the giant president of the O.O.B.C., who had won the event for two years, pull away from Kenedy of the Kingston R. C. in the diamond sculls—a prize which confers the champion Hall mark wherever amateur rowing is a practised sport. The day before, Kenedy had beaten C. G. Psotta, of Cornell and the New York Athletic Club, the champion sculler of America, after Psotta had shown such a sportsman-like spirit as to make all England ring with his fame. Kenedy, by a false stroke, had capsized not a hundred yards from the post, and the American had refused to row over the course, as by all boating laws he was entitled to do, preferring to stop and give the Englishman another chance, and was handsomely beaten as a result. In 1889 Psotta went down before Nickalls in the finals of the same event, after a ding-dong race all the way home. This year he is to have another try, and every good sportsman's 'Glück' goes with him.

The Thames Rowing Club won the Grand Challenge from Brasenose College, Oxon, after a hot home race—in the last few yards. There is a tradition at Oxford that whenever a certain healthy tree growing in the Brasenose yard shall spread across the narrow street so as to touch the opposite wall of Exeter College, then shall the Brasenose eight be head of the river, and in 1890 this botanical feat was accomplished, and Brasenose went to Henley with all the prestige of headship, and who that has read his *Tom Brown at Oxford* does not know what that means? But when the college men met the older and tried veterans of the London crew, they had to yield. In this event twenty years ago the university crews used to compete, but to-day the "blues" content themselves with rowing in their college boats, or amalgamating Oxford and Cambridge together under the colors of the Leander Boat Club, which, when it enters a crew, rarely fails of success.

After that event and the Diamond Sculls, all interest centres in the Silver Goblets for pairs. Last year was rowed a race that will be talked of when the men of to-day are "in the urnes of mortality, under the drums and tramplings of many conquests," in the sonorous phrase of old Sir Thomas Browne. Oxford and Cambridge met to fight out the old rivalry, the latter in the persons of Muttlebury, a veteran who had rowed in five university boats, and Francklyn, a young Cantab from New York, who had distinguished himself as a Freshman by his rowing at No. 7 in the '90 university crew. Oxford was represented by Nickalls and Lord Ampthill, both presidents of the O. U. B. C., and trained oars.

I was standing on the towpath near the post when the gun-shot announced the start. Then a great roar went up. There was none of the concerted cheering we hear at New London, simply the raucous roar of many voices. Towards me comes a pack of enthusiasts, who will run the race out on the bank. Bob Logic, little Mr. Bouncer, Hardy, all jostling as many Cantabs, and all clad in rowing clothes and sweaters, leaping ditches, and shouting, breathless: "Oh, well rowed, Muttlebury!" "Bravo, Ampthill!" "You're going by! You're going by!" Ah, watch them now! Side by side the boats leap along, the bows jumping from the water at every stroke. The men are at their best; the stroke is clean and full, and "ripples in rhymes their oars forsake." But the pace is telling, and all four feel that fierce tugging at their heartstrings that only an oarsman knows, and

> "tum creber anhelitus artus
> Aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique rivis,"

as it did in the case of the oarsmen of Cloanthus and Unestheus in the story. But this cannot last forever and no one win, for the boats are bow and bow fifty feet from the goal. The excitement is wild. Men and women stand and scream in their craft. Ampthill and Nickalls are gaining, for Muttlebury is doing such work as never man did, and his plucky fellow cannot balance him. Their bow is wrenched to one side, and the rudder must be turned against the boat—only for an instant, but that is fatal. The Oxford pair are over the line, "trailing clouds of glory as they come."

As a result of the observation of the Englishman's rowing, perhaps we must admit that he could defeat any of our crews at short distances—say the length of the Henley course. Their watermanship is splendid, and well may be, for the men at the universities are rowing in some sort of a crew from the Torpids in Michaelmas Term to Eights week, just before Commemoration, and that, too, in every kind of boat. At our American colleges the hard training extends from January to June; but only about two, or perhaps three, months of that are really spent in the water. Tanks and pneumatic machines may develop endurance, but only the actual dancing of a boat on a bit of rough water can skill an oarsman in the finest part of his work. The Englishmen do not sit up straight in their boats; they "cock" and "clip" most lamentably, and if one watches only the bodies, there seems to be no time in the boat at all; but the oars go in together, and hold the water hard, and, what is more, come out together. This may sound in description like the "git thar" stroke of the famous Ward Brothers crew, and that would be a libel on English form.

The machine-like regularity and all the labor-saving devices of the American style of rowing, be it the alleged Bob Cook stroke or that rowed by Harvard in her winning years, seem to me better fitted for long distances. I am not one of those who believe in a fetish Cook stroke, for I have watched that stroke for some years, and have noticed that it varied from year to year. The Cook idea is simply a principle, not a stroke, viz., that the latent heroism in every man can be awakened by precept and example, and that a complete submission to one man, be he good or bad, is better than a reigning oligarchy. This Harvard has done this year, and Mr Charles Francis Adams, Jun., has really in that hit upon the "Cook stroke." So I feel confident that if the much-desired meeting could be arranged with an English crew, that Yale men and Harvard men could unite in good wishes to a representative crew, be it only representative.

AMATEUR · SPORT

For the first time in six years Harvard last Friday won the boat-race from Yale on the Thames; won it in 21 minutes and 23 seconds, and by about twelve lengths; won it, in fact, with consummate ease. Yale was slow starting, while Harvard, catching the water quickly and all together, with a 40-to-the-minute stroke, took a lead at once, and was never headed. At the quarter-mile Harvard was leading by half a length, and both crews were floundering in the wash of the big steamers that crowded on the course. Yale, starting with 38 strokes, had at the half let down to 36, while Harvard dropped to 38, but continued driving its shell ahead of Yale's with every stroke. A little farther on Yale gets into some heavy wash that annoys the crew considerably. At the mile flag Harvard is rowing 37, and leading by about two and a half lengths, when it also falls afoul of steamer wash, but recovers in good order.

Those who had followed my comments on the Harvard crew from the time it went into the tank last winter were not very greatly surprised at its showing. Several times this column had recently expressed confidence in the men to make a winning crew, providing a "master-hand" guided their last days of practice. Every one of us was surprised, however, at Yale's exhibition. I had fully expected a close race for two miles at least, with Harvard filling the rôle of hanger-on, and wearing out the Yale beef by superior grit in the last mile. When, however, Harvard crossed the one-and-a-half-mile line nearly five lengths ahead of Yale, pulling a clean well-finished stroke, 37 to the minute, perfectly together and in almost exact rhythm, I knew that the Harvard boys were sending their shell along at a pace too hot for the laboring giants of Yale, and had the race practically well in hand.

Powers, at stroke, was doing wonders. Time and again I saw him catch the Yale crew at the end of a spurt, and every time he called upon his men they widened the gap half a length. Kelton, at 7, was backing him up nobly; his was just the strength required to enable Powers to hit up the stroke at will. To watch these two men set the stroke for their respective sides was a beautiful sight. Absolutely together, they handed the stroke back, and enabled the Harvard crew to keep working as one man. Of the other men in the boat I have none but words of praise; each did his work and well. I could see, however, that Perkins's arm was bothering him a little, and I thought it fortunate his crew was not more closely pressed.

At the two-mile flag, where Yale was expected to make use of her greater strength, she is rowing 36 lifeless strokes to the minute, and has lost another length in the last half-mile. The appearance of the men in Yale's boat at this point is astonishing. They seem to be working hard enough, but there is no snap in them, and no life in their boat. Simms is pulling in far and away the best form; Gould seems to have lost his grip, and has no power on the last half of his stroke; Brewster is swinging off his oar and feathering under water; while Heffelfinger is relying chiefly on his biceps for power. Just above the two-mile flag a tug, with a sailing vessel in tow, was lying in the course. Harvard was unable to get out of the way entirely, and No. 7's oar struck the tug. Had it not been for Kelton's presence of mind in drawing the oar in, an accident might have occurred serious enough to lose Harvard the race. Between this and the two-and-a-half-mile flag Yale makes two spurts, pulling 35, and gains a length, but Powers replies, and keeps his stroke at 36. At the three-mile flag Yale seems to realize the race is lost to her, and rows with a sullen determination that lacks fire; the men are not together, and are swinging across the boat. Harvard at three and a half miles has added four lengths to her lead in the last mile, and is now eight to the good, pulling 36. In the last half Harvard spurts to 40, rowing in the best form she has shown during the race, and finishing strong, while Yale, pulling 37, is exhibiting the poorest form in which I have ever seen a Yale crew.

In the history of college boating never has a crew improved so rapidly as did Harvard from the time of its departure from Cambridge to the day of the race at New London. To Coach Keyes belongs the credit of having produced a crew which has been equalled but once or twice so far as skill in handling the sweeps is concerned. To be sure, Mr. Adams laid the foundation, and thoroughly, by giving the men most careful coaching in the details of the stroke, but, as I said several weeks ago, the crew needed the touch of the master-hand to arrange those details in their proper order. Such a master-hand was found in Mr. Keyes. His quiet painstaking efforts have been fully rewarded, and he deserves the hearty thanks of every Harvard man, as does also Mr. Adams, who has been tireless in his efforts for the crew. When it is considered that Powers was put in stroke only three weeks before the race, his work Friday deserves to go on record as the best example of how some men can make the most of a position into which they are forced by circumstance.

When a crew wins, criticism is out of order, and it would be niggardly indeed were I to detract a particle from the honors due the victors by parading individual faults. There were faults, to be sure, but good points predominated, and Harvard won on her merits. An erroneous impression, however, seems to have gone abroad concerning Harvard's stroke, and of this I must say something. In an account of the race in one of the daily papers the writer, I note, comments on Harvard's victory as being a justification of the "professional stroke," "short, snappy, and quick." I think I followed the Harvard crew Friday closer than any man on the river. I wanted particularly to study their stroke, and I followed abreast of them in the Harper's Weekly steam-launch for that purpose. If there is any difference in the elements of the stroke they rowed and the one Mr. Cook teaches, I should like to hear from Mr. Cook what it is. Harvard won because Mr. Keyes had proved an abler coach than Mr. Cook, or the aptitude of the Harvard men proved greater than that of the Yale men—accept whichever you like.

To say that the stroke rowed by Harvard Friday is like that professional stroke, which has already been tried with disastrous results at both Yale and Harvard, is untrue. As a matter of fact, of the two crews the style of Yale on Friday was decidedly the more "professional," if I may be allowed the expression. The chief characteristics of the "professional" style are the short jabby strokes, round backs, and arms that bend immediately the power is put on. No stroke of this kind will win in distance rowing, other things being equal, against that which has been taught at Yale the past six years continuously, and at Harvard the past two. However, on Friday I did see at least two men in the Yale boat bending their arms immediately the power was put on, and after the two miles the crew seemed to put no power at all in the first half of the stroke.

HARVARD, ON THE OTHER HAND, did put the power on immediately the blade went into the water, and the power staid on to the end, when the blade was taken out clean, and the hands went forward to the full reach. There were no rounded backs, nor did I see one man bend his arms when the power was put on his oar. Harvard won the race because her crew rowed cleaner, steadier, and stronger than Yale, and because she has profited by the example of her New Haven rival. The Yale crew labored over its work Friday. What little advantage the men had in handling their oars was lost by the wretched way in which they swung their bodies. From the start they were not able to hold their crimson rivals. There was a perceptible hang at the full reach, and the oars did not grab the water with that viciousness which I had expected after watching them at practice. In fact, they did not grab it at all; they fell into it; there was no power put on, no lifting of the boat; it worked its listless way through the water, carrying plenty of good beef that ought to have been able to *drive* it.

BUT THAT IS NOT ALL. I am inclined to criticise Yale more severely, first, for the way in which they rowed the race, and second, for the failure to display that stuff, that grit, which grinds its teeth, and holds on until it drops exhausted. That quality was lacking which the Yale foot-ball eleven showed to such a high degree last fall at Springfield in the last ten minutes of the game with Harvard; that high courage which sent the Light Brigade into the "jaws of death," and which nerved poor Fred Brokaw to the sacrifice of his life a few days ago, and has given us our heroes. That's what wins games and races in our college days, and gives us strength later for the weary climb of the ladder in this work-a-day world.

GOULD SHOULD NEVER have permitted the Harvard boat to get so much water between them; he should have taken up that gap earlier, or killed his men in the attempt. Starting into the last half of the second mile 16 seconds behind, he allowed Harvard to quicken their stroke from 34 up to 38, while he hung at 35, and permitted the Harvard boat to gain 7 seconds more in that half-mile. Now, as a matter of fact, it is just that half-mile, when they are reaching the middle-distance flag, in which the leading crew breaks the heart of the losers. Yale knew enough to do it last year, and should have had it in mind this year. In a mile and a half last year Yale had managed to just poke the nose of her boat ahead of Harvard. One second was all the lead she had, and then Phil Allen called upon his men because he knew that then was the time to break the nerve of those oars which had clung to his for nearly half the race. In that half-mile he added 6 seconds to his lead, and won the race. In the next two miles 4 seconds was all he could pull away from them.

WHILE THERE WAS NO QUESTION but that Harvard would have beaten Yale, the place to have found out whether Yale had a chance was in that half-mile. How much of the 13 seconds Yale lost in the wash of the steamers in the last half of the fourth is only a matter of speculation, but the 7 seconds lost in the last half of the second were lost by not meeting Harvard's spurt when there was beef in the boat with which to do it. It does not take a very careful reading of the following figures to show the truth of these statements:

In 1890 Yale gained on Harvard in the	In 1891 Harvard gained on Yale in the
1st half-mile........0 sec.	1st half-mile........6 sec.
2d " " ....0 "	2d " " ....5 "
3d " " ....1 "	3d " " ....5 "
4th " " ....6 "	4th " " ....7 "
5th " " ....lost 1 "	5th " " ....lost 3 "
6th " " ....3 "	6th " " ....3 "
7th " " ....4 "	7th " " ....13 "
8th " " ....lost 2 "	8th " " ....lost 2 "

THERE IS NO DOUBT but what the presence of so many steamers following seriously hampered the speed of the Yale boat, but this is the lot of the crew which falls to the rear. If Yale had been able to lead Harvard, she could have avoided it. From another point of view, large Sound steamboats and ocean tugs on the course during the race is a matter for the serious consideration of the two universities. Some day a very serious accident will occur.

HARVARD AND YALE formed their four-mile compact in 1876; since that time the record is:

June 30, '76	Yale......22.02	Harvard ..22.31
June 30, '77	Harvard ..24.36	Yale.......24.43
June 28, '78	Harvard ..20.44¼	Yale.......21.29
June 27, '79	Harvard ..22.15	Yale.......23.48
July 1, '80	Yale......24.27	Harvard ...25.09
July 1, '81	Yale......22.13	Harvard ...22.19
June 30, '82	Harvard ..20.47⅕	Yale.......20,56
June 28, '83	Harvard ..25.46⅕	Yale.......26.49
June 26, '84	Yale......20.31	Harvard ...20.48
June 26, '85	Harvard ..25.15⅕	Yale.......26.30
July 2, '86	Yale......20.41¼	Harvard ...20.58
July 1, '87	Yale......22.56	Harvard ...23.10⅕
June 29, '88	Yale......20.10	Harvard ...21.24
June 28, '89	Yale......21.39	Harvard ...21.55
June 27, '90	Yale......21.29	Harvard ...21.40
June 26, '91	Harvard ..21.23	Yale.......21.57

YALE HAS THUS WON nine races to Harvard's seven, and has made the two fastest times—20.10 in '88 and 20.31 in '84. In '76 and '77 the race was rowed at Springfield; in '78 it went to New London, and has remained there. The coaching record, as summarized last year by Francis Peabody, Jun., of Harvard, shows that in '76 Yale, with Cook at stroke, won. In '77, '78 and '79 Harvard, coached by Watson, beat Yale trying experiments. In '80 Yale beat Harvard, coached by Bancroft, both rowing about the same stroke. In '81 Yale, coached by Cook, beat Harvard, coached by Watson. In '82 and '83 Harvard, coached by Bancroft, beat Yale, coached by the professional Davis and others. In '84 Yale, coached by Cook, beat Harvard, coached by Bancroft. In '85 Harvard, coached in the rudiments by Bancroft, and finished by Faulkner, a professional, beat Yale, coached by Tom, Dick, and Harry. In '86 Yale, coached by Cook, beat the Harvard crew, which contained the same men, with one exception, as the year before, and was coached entirely by Faulkner and Storrow. In '87 Yale, coached by Cook, beat Harvard, coached by Faulkner and others of his school. In '88 Yale, coached by Cook, easily defeated Harvard, coached by Watson and others. In '89 Yale, coached by Cook, easily defeated Harvard, coached by Storrow. In '90 Yale, coached by Cook, defeated Harvard, coached by Keyes and Storrow. In '91 Harvard, coached by Keyes and Adams, defeated Yale, coached by Cook.

THE ATLANTIC SPECIAL RACE on the 23d merely emphasizes the verdict of the spring regattas, and seems definitely to place the boats as predicted in these columns two weeks since. The weather was light and fluky. Once or twice *Sayonara*, ably handled, appeared to close in on *Gloriana*, but they finished ultimately in the accepted order: *Gloriana* (the creation of genius, contending with the limitations of the rule of measurement), first; *Sayonara* (the most moderate of the Burgess boats), second; *Mineola*, with her topmast over her bows (by hard sailing), ahead of *Jessica* (built for the English twenty-rater class), and which, through her small rig, won from *Nautilus* on time allowance.

IN THE TWENTY-FIVE-FOOT sailing class *Smuggler* seems a decided success over her sister boat, *Nameless*, having beaten her now several times. It remains to be seen how *Needle* (the third boat in the class), now about hoisting her flag for the first time, will do. The three meet for the first time at Oyster Bay and Larchmont on the 2d and 3d of July, and there should be seconds and not minutes between them.

THE CORINTHIAN CLUB'S RACE on Monday was of interest for two reasons: first, the boats were classed together by their real sizes, and not merely by one of the elements which enters into the size of a boat. The result was that *Clara* was scheduled to start with the "46's." The respective sizes of the boats, under the measurements now in use throughout this country, being: *Clara*, 55.12; *Gloriana*, 54.17; *Sayonara* (not measured, but estimated to be), 54.00; and *Jessica*, 50.22. *Clara* declined the contest, perhaps not unwisely, nor should she be found fault with for so doing. Progress has undoubtedly been made in designing, constructing, and canvasing boats; and the ever-successful veteran was spared the possible humiliation of defeat by a boat which while measuring within a foot of her in size, according to the present system of measurement, has all the advantages to be gained from the experiments and experience of seven years of yacht-racing. Still, one may regret that she did not start, if only to illustrate the progress which has been made. Of the race it need only be said that in a fair whole sail breeze, without flukes, and at all points of sailing *Gloriana* repeated emphatically her former successes, defeating *Sayonara* (whose first race it was) by about 12 minutes elapsed time.

Uvira ALSO SAILED in the Corinthian race; her first race in these waters, being classified (as she should be) according to size. She started with the "40's." In fact, the 40's being really larger boats, had to give her time. *Liris* this year measures 48.83; *Mariquita*, 48.09; and *Uvira* is something under 48. Here the old story of science against brute force was repeated. *Uvira* got over the line, handicapped 2 minutes 22 seconds as to *Liris*, and 4 minutes 3 seconds as to *Mariquita*, but on elapsed time and without her allowance being taken into consideration defeated *Liris* 3 minutes 54 seconds, and *Mariquita* by 8 minutes 25 seconds. *Uvira* being a last year's Fife, Jun., boat, and built for a Halifax owner, is probably a better prototype of *Barbara* than *Jessica*. So that something may be expected in the way of performance when *Barbara* comes to the line. However, it was demonstrated that *Uvira* is "not in it" with the "46-footers," the 3 feet of water-line length which she has to give them is too great a handicap. Comparing the actual time made over the course, *Gloriana* beat her 21 minutes 34 seconds; *Sayonara*, 10 minutes 43 seconds; *Jessica*, 7 minutes 52 seconds.

THE BOSTON BOATS—*Alborak*, *Barbara*, *Oweene*, and *Beatrix*—may race on Monday, the 29th, in the Eastern Yacht Club's regatta. It is to be hoped that they will, and we shall see whether any surprising superiority develops in favor of some one of them over *Oweene* (the latter being practically the same as, or, rather, midway between *Sayonara* and *Mineola*), which may lead to the hope that *Gloriana* has not definitely killed the racing in the class for this year.

For it is hardly to be supposed that *Oweene* can represent any possibilities of speed which are not to be found in *Sayonara* or *Mineola*. It may be presumed that unless *Alborak* or *Barbara* can hold *Gloriana*, the problem for the year has been solved.

CURIOUSLY ENOUGH THERE WAS a little *Gloriana* also in the Corinthian Club race sailing her maiden race that day. She was called the *Chippeway*. She had all the additional ugliness which could be imparted by a widening out of *Gloriana's* lines into a centre-boarder drawing 14 inches of water, with 25 feet of water-line length, and 7 feet of beam. She had the coach-house top of a gondola; her bowsprit appeared to be a derrick arm. A single flat board, trimmed away at the ends, did duty as top-sides. She was sailed by her designer, T. C. Clapham. Her bows were, as has been said above, *Gloriana's* bows widened out, and in her class she repeated *Gloriana's* success. The little Burgess cutter *Beth*, which was her competitor, and which is, in her way, workman-like of build and business-like of look, was simply "out of it." The course for these boats was nineteen nautical miles, *i.e.*, to and around the Southwest Spit buoy; thence to and around Buoy No. 1, off Point Comfort; thence back to the starting line at Buoy 11. It embraced pretty nearly all points of sailing, and (for such little boats), the wind, while in nowise over-powering, was amply sufficient to try their speed.

TO THE ASTONISHMENT of every one, the "Pumpkin Seed," "Machine," "Scow," or "Clam boat," as she has since been called in the newspapers, beat *Beth* 12 minutes 21 seconds, actual elapsed time in these nineteen miles, without taking into account that she was entitled to receive 1 minute 20 seconds time allowance. Distinctly there is here food for reflection. *Beth* is a cutter 27 feet over all, 21 feet 9 inches on the water-line, 7 feet 10 inches beam, and of 4 feet 10 inches draught. She was designed by Burgess, and built in '86 by Dinsmore, and yet this centre-board *Gloriana*, this skimming-dish, this floating hearse, actually obliterates her from view. As the *Tribune* said the day after the race of *Chippeway*, "She has no draught, she is not a yacht, she is not a boat.... The extraordinary incongruity of such a boat as this, the utter impossibility of such a type, making any headway, or living in a seaway, perfectly justified the owner, who, at considerable expense, had her built, in immediately sending off word to sell her, at any price, immediately after her victory." It is to be hoped that he will reconsider. Many a Derby winner has been sold for an old song as a yearling, and certainly *Chippeway* deserves a fair trial against *Smuggler*, *Nameless*, and *Needle*, before she is to be treated as a cast-off.

A NEW CHAMPION AT LAWN-TENNIS was discovered last week at Chestnut Hill, the pretty suburb of Philadelphia. After all the discussion last year as to the relative merits of Miss E. C. Roosevelt and Miss Mabel Cahill, it was natural that their meeting for the championship should have attracted unusual attention. As was stated last week in this column, it was quite generally conceded that Miss Cahill would win the tournament, and there was some surprise at the magnificent stand made in the final round by Miss G. W. Roosevelt, the younger and less skilful of the two sisters. Miss Cahill defeated her in two straight sets, it is true, but both were close, and many of the volleys were prolonged and exciting. In the championship round Miss E. C. Roosevelt succeeded in taking only one set, the third, and after that the score stood four games to one against her. After this plucky rally, her friends, who were familiar with the strength and staying powers of the plucky little woman, once more had great hopes; but it seems that Miss Cahill has kept well in mind her physical failing of last year, and this time was in perfect condition for the fray. She excelled Miss Roosevelt in only one important particular, and that was the speed of her drives from the back of the court. In volleying and lobbing the contestants were about equal, and it was the superior power of Miss Cahill's strokes that gained her the victory.

I THINK, TOO, that both of the Misses Roosevelt were somewhat handicapped by their evidently intense eagerness to escape defeat at Miss Cahill's hands. Over-anxiety to win has often been a cause of losing. It causes a contestant to take chances in order to win a single point, when more would be gained by waiting patiently for a better opportunity. There is little else to be said of the tournament last week. Miss Adelaide Clarkson, of whom much was expected, justified these expectations in the beginning by winning in brilliant style from Mrs. Fellowes Morgan, but afterwards went all to pieces in her match with Miss Grace Roosevelt, taking only one game in two sets. Mrs. Morgan did not quite do herself justice in the singles, but in the doubles, for which she had Miss Cahill as partner, her volleying was superb. Here, again, the Misses Roosevelt were somewhat unfortunate, for if they could have secured but a single point on two occasions in the second set of the final match, they would have retained the championship which they won last year. But both Mrs. Morgan and Miss Cahill showed excellent judgment and nerve at critical moments, and finally secured the match and the championship in doubles for 1891.

THE MIDDLE STATES CHAMPIONSHIP was decided once more last week on the grounds of the St. George Cricket Club. In 1890 this contest, by the courtesy or permission of the St. George Club, was transferred to Rochester, and Mr. A. E. Wright, the only entry from eastern New York, had no difficulty in winning the tournament, but was compelled to yield to Mr. H. A. Taylor for the championship. Last week's playing was better than is usually seen in the spring tournaments, and the contest was interesting because the result was so doubtful. At the outset Mr. E. L. Hall was perhaps the favorite, but he suffered his first defeat of the season at the hands of Mr. C. E. Sands. The latter was in grand form, showing one of his characteristic streaks of brilliant play, and defeating young Hall with ease in three straight sets. The exhibition given by Mr. V. G. Hall simply confirmed the statement made in this column last week that that player had sadly deteriorated since last year. Not that it was a disgrace to be beaten by Richard Stevens, for Mr. Stevens has been doing wonderfully well in practice, and is thoroughly at home on the St. George courts, where there are comparatively few spectators to bother him. But I can see a decided falling off in Mr. Hall's skill, and unless he soon shows great improvement, not even Mr. Hobart's assistance will enable him to retain the championship in doubles this year.

MR. SANDS WON the final match, after a hard fight, from Mr. Stevens, and thus became the Middle States champion of 1891, for Mr. H. A. Taylor did not appear to defend the title which he has held for the past two years. It seems to be the general idea that Mr. Taylor did not defend his title because he was out of practice, and therefore in poor form. This is a mistake. I understand that Mr. Taylor desires it to be understood that want of practice would not have prevented his appearance, and that ill health is the sole cause of his default. This Middle States Cup seems to be the most difficult of all championship cups to win. It has been played for since 1886, and now still another champion appears.

THE HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION'S bad luck is becoming proverbial. It was decided to play the tournament during the latter part of last week, but there were no entries in some of the events, which were therefore again postponed until September next. There was an attempt to play the men's singles, and Mr. Runyon made a very pretty fight against Mr. E. L. Hall. Another close contest was expected between the latter and Mr. C. E. Sands, but Mr. Sands added to the general gloom of the occasion by defaulting. At this writing Mr. E. L. Hall and Mr. V. Elting are left to contest for first prize, and the winner will play Mr. V. G. Hall for the Hudson River championship. Either Miss Fraser or Miss Larkin will play Miss Cahill for the ladies' championship—when, nobody seems to know.

POLO WEEK at ESSEX brought out some hard playing. On Tuesday Philadelphia team met Essex, and was outplayed from the start. H. C. Groome was suffering from an injured knee, but did very well, considering his condition. H. P. McKean was decidedly the best of his team; the others were new men, and of little use in a fast, hard-hitting game. The Essex men all showed to good advantage, owing to the weak opponents. On Thursday Morristown played Westchester, with a high handicap. W. K. Thorne, just arrived from abroad, was obliged to play on new ponies, which had been purchased in his absence, and never played. Thorne made two brilliant runs; Nicoll and Lord did good work, but Westchester was too much for them, and could easily beat them at even game, instead of which they allowed four goals by the handicap. On the same day far and away the best game of the season was that in which three men, of Rockaway, first team—Cowdin, Cheever, and Keene—gave the full Essex team three goals and a beating; the play was exceedingly fast and brilliant. The grounds were crowded with spectators, who kept up a constant round of cheers. Robinson and Farr played a strong game.

SATURDAY BROUGHT OUT a still larger crowd. Rockaway put on R. Y. Francke, 0 goal, in place of Rutherford, which reduced their handicap; and they gave Westchester 10 goals instead of 16. Westchester looked the winners until the end of the second period, when they went to pieces, and the Rockaways rolled up 11 goals in the last period, winning by a score of 18¼ to 13¼. Cowdin and Keene played a great game, though the latter was evidently in a cranky mood, judging from his attempts to bully the referee.

The Association cups and Clarke cups at Cedarhurst this week should bring about some close contests.

The Freshman and triangular races are crowded out; will be handled next week.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

SOME NOTES ON A BILL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

OH, peruse a Simple Story—read a parable detached
From the vice of vending pullets ere the little beasts are hatched;
A weird bilingual prophecy with flying foot-notes shored,
On the means of slipping sideways from the world's je-joggle board.[1]

'Twas the Broncho[2] among Nations—a severely cultured race—
Though their mode of spelling centre proved them clearly off their base,[3]
Passed a Bill of three Dimensions—two of which concerned the trade—
And one, but this was fiction, books the British Author made.

Softly sang the British Author, for a dream was in his brain
Of Landaus from Longacre and of houses in Park Lane,
But ere he went to Tattersall's, or changed his modest dwelling,
He explained, per Western Union, his objections to their spelling.

"Oh, my Largest Reading Public," thus the coded cable came,
"You drop one (h)ell in 'travelling' and —get there just the same:[4]
If to Webster and to Worcester, and your sauce at large, I grovel,
It will vulgarize Our Fiction — taint the Holy British Novel.[5]

"Yet I'll vitiate the spelling of the children of my friends
If you pay me something extra for my labor." *Message ends.*
And it filled that author's system with severe electric shocks
When his Largest Reading Public cabled back: "You're on the box.[6]

"The fact of being Shouted for a dime along the cars
Does not fix you for a planet among Literary Stars;
Nor is it a safe assumption you can teeter continents
When our high-toned Mister H-rp-r[7] sews you up for fifty cents.

"British parsons make us tired; British Dukes, our daughters doubt 'em;
Cuss words of the British Army, we can mosey on without 'em.
Take a walk and get your hair cut;[8] sit on Mister Mudie's shelves;
If we've *got* to pay for reading, guess we'll read about ourselves."

So they read by free selection on a principle their own—
'Twas the most exhaustive weeding that an ink-stained earth had known—
And the palpitating cable sizzled madly under-sea,
"*Honor* without 'u' I'll stomach. What is *Honor* without *me?*"

No, the fame the newsboys give you when they board the C. B. Q.
Does not predicate your kiting into honor without "u."
If you cannot bang the big drum, you must twang the Harp of Tara,[9]
With McGinty[10] and O'Grady[11] and the man that struck O'Hara.[12]

It was good for Zenas Mather, Independence Psickafoos,
Ada Isaacs Menken Shuswap, Janet Thackeray Van Dewze—
They stood pat as home-grown produce, with some seven thousand more;
They were paid at full face-value—*they* came in on the ground-floor.[13]

For they wove their country's fiction, triple-ply, of many shades,
From the big blue bergs at Sitka to the rotting Everglades;
And never since the Pilgrims furled the *Mayflower's* sea-worn sail
Had the Bounder among Nations seen herself done out to scale.

It was woolly—wild and woolly—it was more than three feet wide,
For it ran from Maine to Oregon and out the other side.
With one nasal Hallelujah, like a giant jews-harp drone,
The Bounder among Nations claimed a bookcase of her own.[14]

* * * * * * *

Now they're running ninety Shakespeares —all with Variegated dictions;
They have put the growth of Miltons under Inter-State restrictions;
They brake the C. P. freight cars with the Laureates of the West,
And a vigilance committee is sub-editing the rest.

They are writing of Proportion and Reserve, and Racial Feeling,
Like an introspective sneak-thief who has just abandoned stealing;
And we can't attend to Baby, and we can't lie down at night,
For those queer self-conscious school-boys howl—"Git up and see us write!"

But they're learning not to "wiggle" when you photograph their manners;
They are guessing at a medium 'twixt "you skunk!" and mad Hosannas,
And the men who know 'em fancy—if the measure they have made lasts—
That some day they'll be a Public—not a girls' school swapping "Trade-lasts."[15]

Ends my lurid, lucid legend, halts my parable divorced
From the blame of hunting Navajos before your scouts are horsed.
Oh, the author's in the *purée,*[16] and the deuce is in the Bill,
But the Holy British Novel—yes—it's wholly British still.

—[SEE PAGE 491.]

NATHAN HALE.

THE STATUE TO BE ERECTED BY THE NEW YORK SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.—[SEE PAGE 494.]

FREDERICK MACMONNIES, *Sculptor.*

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[1] An elastic seat found in the verandas of Southern houses.

[2] An underbred animal with a swelled head, given to jumping nervously on inspection. *Anglice,* "Bounder."

[3] They are very like their babies—if you notice 'em they cry;
If you don't, they steal your candy, and their teachers call 'em "Spry."
Their father's name was Washington—mis-statements made him wince;
But his sons declare on "honor" there's been no one like him since.

[4] *V. l.* Suppressed by Western Union as a *casus belli.* "Your views of spelling 'honour' match your notions on the same."

[5] Now the Holy British Novel—from this verdict none shall warp us—
Is the Maiden's Magna Charta and the Matron's Habeas Corpus;
For when Maid and Wife have finished with the volume Father paid for,
You can read it to the Baby. This is what all books are made for.

[6] *V. l.* "Come off the rocks." *Anglice,* "You labour under a misapprehension."

[7] The leading Sporting bookmaker of the United States. He does not bet on outsiders.

[8] Mutilated in transmission. Supposed to indicate esteem and personal interest.

[9] This instrument is distinguished for its enduring silences.

[10] Famous for his exploration of the depths of the ocean.

[11] He was owed ten dollars—presumably on account of American royalties; for the money was never paid.

[12] The remains of this gentleman would not furnish a biography.

[13] *I. e.* There was no necessity in their case for abasement.

[14] They abandoned watered Herrick, and Elizabethan echoes;
They were not stuck on Browning like a horde of homeless geckoes;
'Twas a second Boston bust-up, but it cost us more than Tea,
For the alphabet of authors they discarded—a to zee.

[15] Saidie tells Maimie that Hattie's new frock is pretty. Maimie repeats the compliment to Hattie, who tells Maimie that Saidie is "just too Sweet to live." This is a trade-last. It is also called Criticism.

[16] This is the position formerly occupied by the Oyster.

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ANGOSTURA BITTERS make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.—[*Adv.*]

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C. S. REINHART

EIGHT DAYS IN PARIS

BY JULIAN RALPH

WITH one hundred words of French a man may, if he is weak enough, produce a prodigious impression in a young ladies' boarding-school, but in Paris that amount of French is just sufficient to tempt him into a thousand dilemmas from which he can extricate himself only with a little violence and more humiliation. I went to Paris with a native East Indian, an officer in the British army. He would have considered himself perfectly at home if he had known half a hundred French words, but, as it was, he did the best he could with twenty. A good fellow, honest, straightforward, and very self-reliant, he rattled his score of mispronunciations in the giant pod of Paris with such marvellous results that perhaps if I had gone with some one else my impressions of the French capital would have been very different.

No one who has not experienced it can form an idea of what a man can do in Paris under such circumstances, and what Paris can do with him in return. To me the recollection of the figure he cut there makes him seem a more striking object than the Eiffel Tower. Unless the excitability of the Parisian is a mere pretence, there are men and women he encountered there who, in telling their adventures to children yet unborn, will dwell longer on the amazing peculiarities of foreign visitors to the Exposition than upon anything they saw in the grand display itself.

The average Englishman calculates to make himself understood by foreigners if only his lungs will hold out, and the more dense their ignorance of English, the louder he bawls it at them. With the Major it was different. He purchased in London a number of sixpenny books with such titles as *What to Say in Paris* and *First Steps in France*. He applied himself to one after another of these with a profoundly grave air, and very pertinaciously read every word on the left-hand side of every page—the left-hand side being that which was devoted to such English phrases as "A ticket to Versailles, if you please," and, "Do not starch my shirts too stiffly." Whenever his eye fell on the column of French equivalents, it began to wander, and he devoted himself to a renewed study of the English side with a determination that never flagged until he had read every English word in the books. Then he announced that he would have to "get his accent in Paris."

He acquired his accent and satisfied his wildest linguistic hopes in twenty-four hours after reaching Paris. He could not even make a feint at pronouncing any except the twenty words he knew before he went there, but he conceived the idea that the secret and art of the Gallic tongue lay entirely outside it, and consisted in a certain extraordinary form of pantomime. With this he experimented upon me until he felt, as actors say, "letter perfect," and fit for an indefinite and familiar intercourse with the Parisians. His plan was to elevate his shoulders, to throw his hands forward, palms out, with his elbows against his ribs, and to make extraordinary faces, always with a broad grin as their basis. When you know that his complexion was of the hue of very old oak, and that his teeth and eyeballs were snow-white, you will readily understand that a sight of him thus prepared for conversing in French would have thrown a nervous child into hysterics.

"That is all there is to it," said the Major.

I could not discover that he felt the slightest contempt for a language that could be mastered so easily. On the contrary, he grew enthusiastic, and fell to talking to me as he did to all others in Paris, with the same shrug and grimace, and his never-ending "wee, wee," and "zher comprong."

It worked both well and ill. Sometimes I marvelled at what he did, as when, in order to celebrate a feast-day of our own that fell into our stay there, he went out from our chambers in the Avenue Montaigne at night, and returned with a bottle of Scotch whiskey and a siphon of seltzer, which he said he "had charged," as he found he had no money when he reached the wine shop. Scotch whiskey is as difficult to get in Paris as credit is hard to obtain for any man who is a new-comer and absolute stranger in any city, but the Major accomplished both in ten minutes. However, his successes were few. On another occasion, when we had drifted along the Seine in one of the little steamers that weave across and across and up and down the river, we landed at a bowery semi-suburban spot, where open-air restaurants, music gardens, and cheap theatres were the only institutions in sight. There the man who waited on us with our breakfast was beguiled into an effort to converse with the Major, who greatly desired to know what language was dominant in Berne, Switzerland. It was the Major's boldest, most audacious effort with the French tongue, but it was his distinguishing peculiarity that he departed as far as possible from the ordinary foreigner's habit of asking for simple necessaries and common objects. He could summon only the words "quel langue" and "parle" and "en Suisse," and he bridged the grand reaches between these words with his most wonderful and fearful facial and physical contortions. The poor Parisian waiter took him solemnly, and tried hard to comprehend what had befallen him. The Major stretched his mouth and rolled his eyes as never before, and I walked away and pretended to examine the premises, lest I should burst a blood-vessel by suppressing my laughter. When it was safe to do so, I returned, and found the Major alone.

"Well," I said, "how did you get on?"

"I do not understand it at all," said the Major. "With beaucoup difficulty I got the garçon to comprong me. He said so. His intelligence came suddenly. 'Ah!' said he, with a triumphant tone. 'Wee, wee; zehr comprong!' and then, instead of telling me quel langue they speak in Berne, he shot off and disappeared."

Before we had finished our meal, the waiter reappeared, beaming. He brought a great bowl, and placed it in the middle of the table. It contained a salad of lettuce, beans, and potatoes.

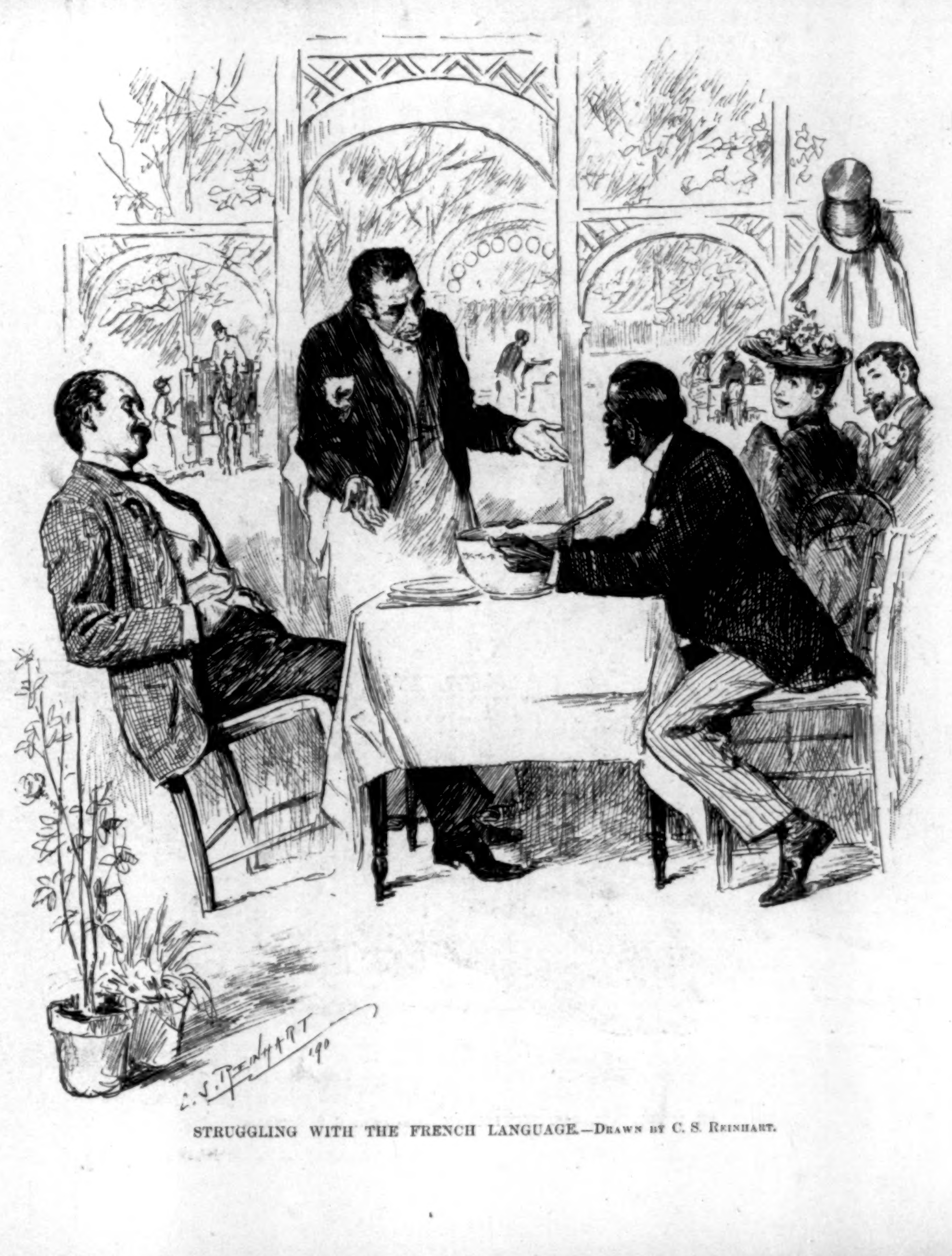
"There," said he, in French. "Monsieur must pardon me. I did not at first understand, but there you have your wish fulfilled."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"The Swiss salad for your friend," he replied.

The Major could have gotten some slight assistance from me, yet that trifle he declined. He said that as he was to make a long stay in Paris, it was essential that he should devote himself persistently to the language, in order that when I had parted with him he could get along by himself. The consequence was, to say the least, exciting. The effect he had upon the people was as if he were a flintlock and they were dry powder. Again and again, forty times in eight days, I would come out of some shop or other place where an errand had called me, while he waited on the pavement, and would find him the centre of something very like a small riot, in the heart of a group of cabmen, women, or citizens of all sorts, with his shoulders elevated to his ears, and their whips or arms brandished above their heads, while the very air of the neighborhood pulsated with the frantic and strenuous clamor of excited speech. Of course there was loss of temper on their side, and in that lies the main point of what an Anglo-Saxon notices about Paris and the Parisians. In no English, German, or American city would it be possible for a foreigner to upset the equilibrium of a whole block by simply asking a question in no matter what jargon. I am very much inclined to suspect that no other man who went there last year compared with the Major in disturbing the delicate poise of that mercurial temperament. He spoke just sufficient French to gain the attention of each Frenchman, and to make himself half understood, but he failed always at some word or phrase which gave the key to what he was after. Then, again, where most travellers would confine themselves to simple inquiries for localities or public places, the Major never hesitated to appeal to the people upon any matter whatsoever that was in dispute in his own mind or between himself and me, as upon the pension system, or the different duties of the police and the soldiery in the streets.

With imperturbable good nature he addressed himself to each task of this sort, smiling all the while and putting his hopeless questions anew to each new-comer who swelled the



STRUGGLING WITH THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

rapidly increasing crowd around him. Somehow—I suspect it is part of the Parisian habit—his audiences quickly fell to disputing with one another, and when he had them all by the ears, the Major withdrew, still serene and grinning, to go his placid way and leave the tumult behind him.

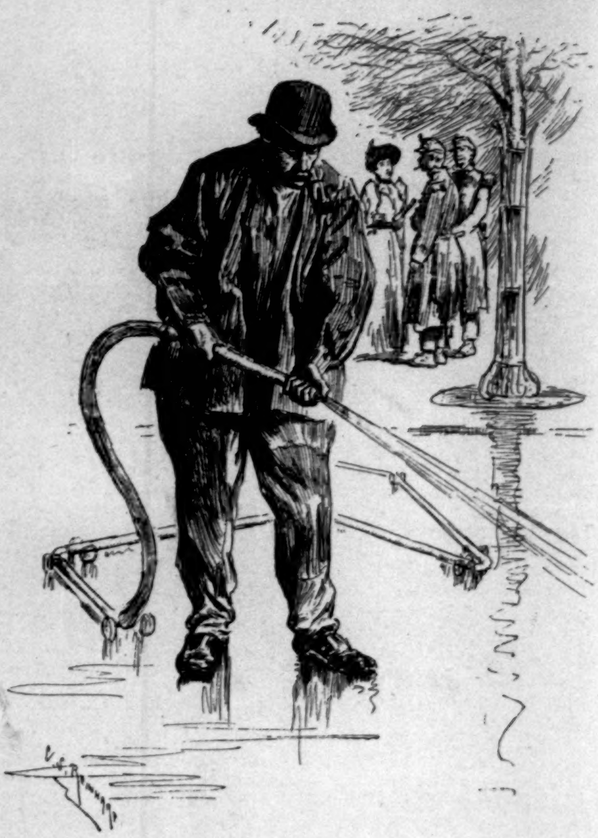
"I am the discoverer of a name for Paris that once applied will cling to it forever," he often said on such occasions. "It is 'The Crazy Capital.' I wish I knew how to put that in my diary in French, but I dare not ask any one; there would be a riot."

It may be merely an individual experience, but to me the trip through a small part of France to Paris was needed to enable me to make those comparisons which gave me a clearer idea of the broad characteristics of England and the English than I could have gotten had I returned here directly from Great Britain. For instance, on landing at Dieppe and noticing the wooden freight-sheds and other appurtenances of that terminus of the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest, the fact was emphasized on my mind that I had not seen in England any such to us common use of wood; that there all the railway buildings and other structures of every sort were either of stone or brick or iron. The presence around me in Dieppe of great lumber-yards such as we see on the outskirts of every city at home, but were not seen by me in England, farther emphasized the same important peculiarity of English building. Then, again, we were no sooner on our way across the country in the cars than I realized to the uttermost the wonderful freshness and opulence of English country scenery and verdure. France was like America. The sun hung bare and blazing in a clear sky, and the country was hot and parched. The grass was thin and brown, the trees were poor, with skimpy foliage, and their branches were to be seen through thin leafage as at home. Then I knew the full glory of England's greenery. I remembered how the sun hung like a dull ball in an atmosphere of smoke and moisture; how rich and graceful were the trees (like balls or clouds of leafage in which the skeletons of branches and boughs were deeply hidden); how thick and opulent was the grass; how rich and gaudy were the gardens! And before I had been in Paris an hour I was able to judge of English women and English soldiers by comparing them with the magnificent women of Paris and their bent-backed, undersized, hanging-jawed defenders—the soldiers seen about the streets. In a thousand ways I learned in France how better to estimate England, because I had changed my point of view and rid myself of all confusing influences. So much may be done for eight dollars in eight hours, the fare and distance in time between Paris and London.

I had no business in Paris and took only a few notes, so that what I write of the visit will be largely a record of impressions. But the observations and experiences are those that I made and underwent, and will not be lightly set down. What I say of a railroad journey, or of a hotel or a house I lived in, or of a scene I witnessed, may be peculiar to some specific railroad, house, hotel, or locality, but of that I know nothing; only I shall record nothing that I do not know of actual knowledge. It is but fair to preface all that follows with the candid statement that Paris made me sick at heart. It saddened me. In all the forms a nation has of giving public expression to its habits, tastes, and principles, I observed so much of perverted morals, of degenerate tastes, of energy thrown away on folly, of greatness seeding, and grandeur put to shame, that I was depressed. Perhaps I overestimated that which was superficial and overlooked great qualities that were beneath the surface. Be that as it may, I felt as if I had come to see a god and had found him drunken; to study a glorious future, and to find, instead, a tale of suicide.

The first railroad journey, that from Dieppe to Paris, was intensely funny. It was very early in the morning that we took the cars, which were not unlike one of our open horse-cars. The arrangement of the seats was precisely the same; but the sides of the car were enclosed, and a foot-board ran along each side past the doors to the various compartments, as is the case with all European cars. Whereas I had noticed that a locomotive whistle was next to never heard in England, now it seemed as if a maniac had hold of the whistle cord. Shriek, shriek, shriek, sounded seven-tenths of the time ahead of us a miserable penny-whistle kind of noise, as aggravating as and a thousand times more contemptible than our own locomotive whistles. At each house we passed the whistle blew; at the workers in the fields, at sight of a station, at the station or leaving the station, at every crossing, shriek, shriek, went the fiendish whistle. Every now and then we passed a man or a woman standing in the saluting position of a soldier while the train passed by. Anything more whimsical and silly-looking, considered as part of the serious work of managing a railroad, it would be hard to imagine. These were track-tenders, crossing guards, and other employés of the road, and they had orders to salute the trains with a pole or a flag wound round a staff held at "present arms." To see the old women at this task was altogether funny.

In the mean time the French passengers, particularly the young men, leaned out of the door windows and yelled at the people in the fields near the track, at the passengers on the station platforms, at the ticket-inspectors, and at everybody. It may have been a mere coincidence, but when I rode afterward to Versailles, and again in a very elegant carriage to Trouville, this singular inclination on the part of the young men again manifested itself, and drove monotony from the journey.



FRESHENING THE GRASS AND FLOWERS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

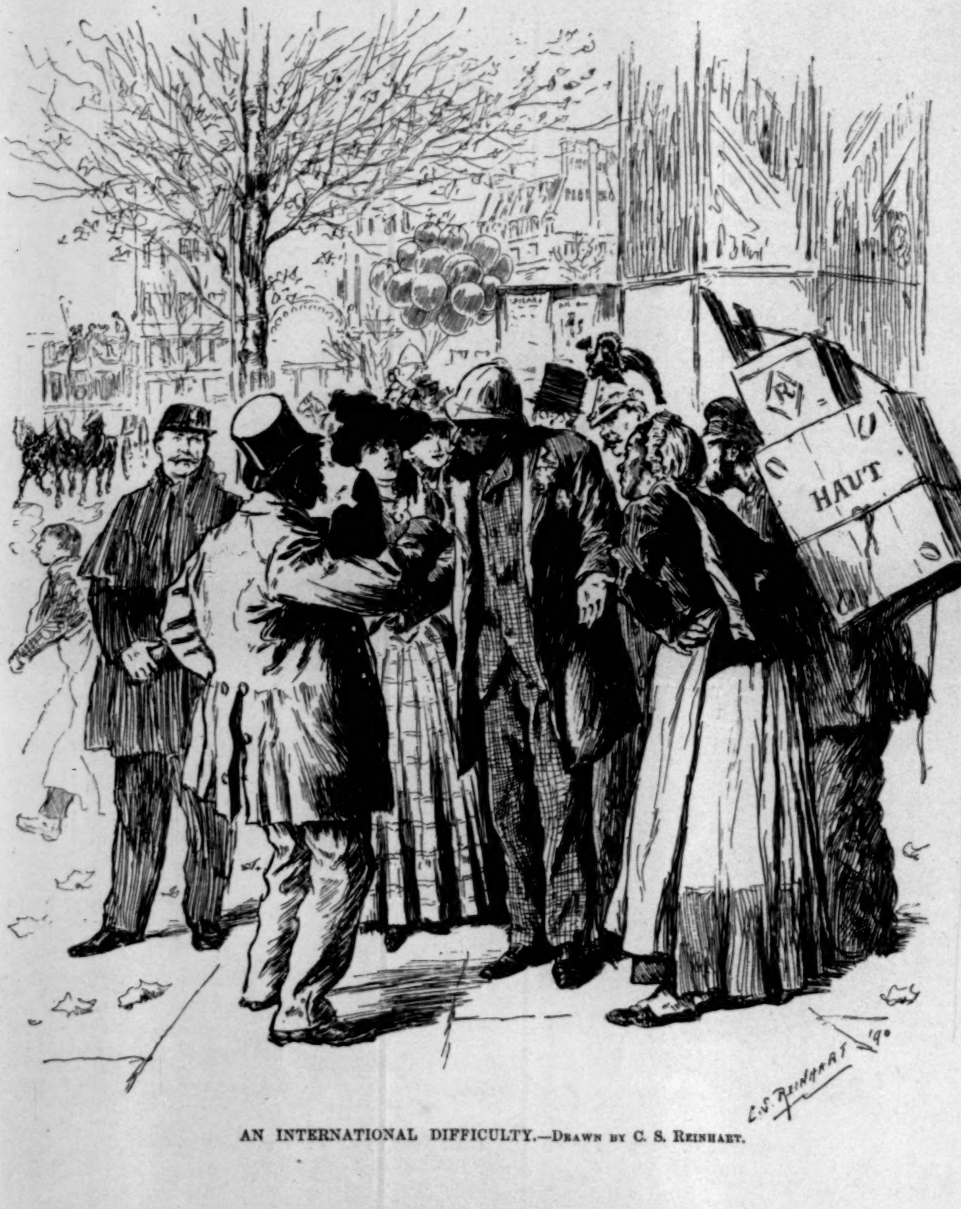
Arrived in Paris, we began those tumultuous experiences which were to continue to the end. We had been directed to a quiet English boarding-house in a certain street, and we easily reached the place in a cab. But our directions were at fault; no one knew the place we sought. Such excitement, such wrangling, such a crowd, as attended our effort to find that nonexistent *pension*, no one who has not been to Paris can imagine. Fortunately in the middle of it a man who looked like a New-Yorker (the brand is indelible and striking) stepped out of a doorway near at hand. Was he a New-Yorker? Yes. Heaven be praised! Would he send us to some reputable hotel? With pleasure. And off we went, to be shown into a hallway terminating in a beautiful garden of trees and flowers, with a fountain plashing above a checker-work of colored flagging, and gay awnings flapping their scalloped edges in a cooling breeze. In half an hour I was asleep in a room whose furniture was all inlaid in brass, and in which, in one place or another, were 175 candles, set in single sticks, a chandelier, and in clusters on the walls.

We spent only a day there—a day of perfect service, delicious food, and complete rest. Then we went into lodgings in the Avenue Montaigne, midway between the popular entrance to the Exposition grounds and the Champs Élysées This was done because the Major is economical, and meant to stay several months. For me it was best to have it happen so, since I thus got a taste of something besides life in hotels, which is measurably the same all over the world. When I look back on our cozy quarters, on a delicious breakfast brought in every morning by an old deaf woman —too deaf to hear the Major, and too old to concern herself over such a trifle as a mere Englishman—it seems like rank ingratitude to write an unpleasant truth about Paris.

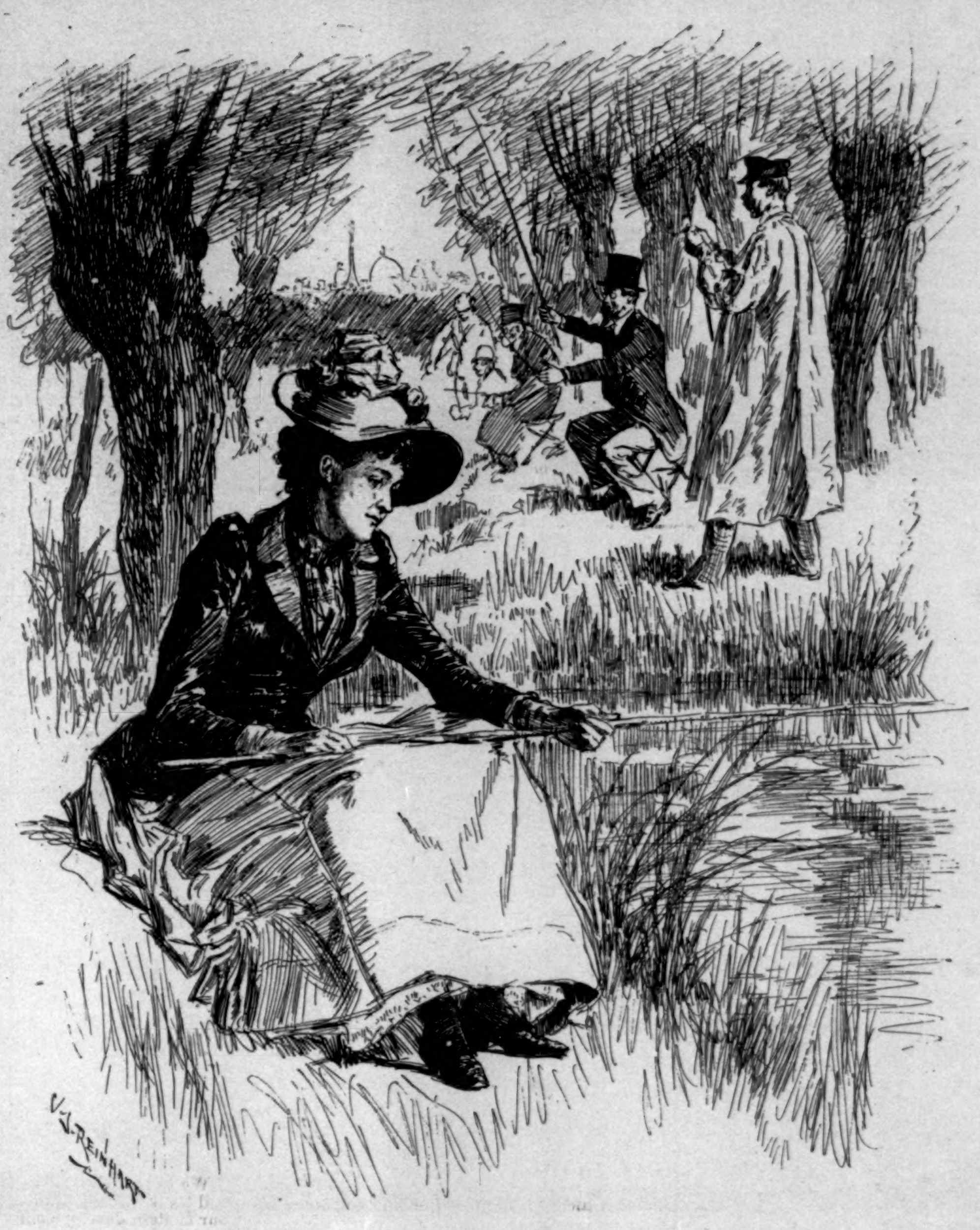
We self-satisfied Americans boast of our great buildings, and think nothing approaches them, or any other feature of our modern development. Yet the first thing that impresses an American in Paris is apt to be the great size of the buildings in the residence portions of the city. The people live in flats, to be sure, and these great tall half blocks and whole blocks faced with yellow stucco harbor the populations of villages, but how tiny our New York dwellings are beside them! How small most of our apartment-houses appear by contrast! In the great honeycomb in which I tenanted one cell, I got an idea of how this mode of living is ordered. I entered the building by a carriageway that led into a great court. There was a side entrance to the court, which for some reason was in use after eight o'clock at night. On either side of either portal were stairs leading to the upper stories—the ground-floor being taken up with stores opening on two streets. Exactly opposite the main entrance was the office or headquarters of the concierge, commanding a view of the court and of both entrances. I saw an old woman there always, and she made my acquaintance for the purpose of asking me to call out the name of the family with whom I had taken lodgings whenever I came in after nightfall. I wish now that I had once failed to shout my landlord's name, in order that I might know what would have happened in that event. I saw few finer-looking or larger establishments than this, and yet I will not say that it was typical. Speaking for it and no other, I will simply say that grand as its exterior was, and clean and tidy as it looked from the street and from the court, it was none the less a perfect trap for sewer gas and a mine of untidiness. The condition of the closets on every floor was execrable. I can never be brought to believe that I should have escaped typhus-fever if I had not kept my windows wide open all the time I was in-doors. The stairs were rude, narrow, uncarpeted, dark, and dirty, and the odors of neglect and carelessness weighted the atmosphere in the public parts of the house. Let those who have been in other Latin countries say whether this is a general condition in them. I have been in Cuba and in France only, and every breath I drew in-doors in Paris reminded me of my tour through Cuba. It was the same in the hotels as in the houses in both countries.

The noise of the streets in Paris would cause any American to fancy himself at home on the Fourth of July. The average Parisian is no more to be trusted with a whip than he is with a locomotive whistle. From dawn till dawn the cracking of cabmen's whips makes the air tremulous with resonant agitation. Every man who drives a horse carries a long whip-lash, and cracks it incessantly. Crack, spat, spatter, spatter, crack, crack, crack, go the whips in a never-ending chorus all around you wherever you walk, and apparently in your apartment when you try to sleep. If you want to imagine what it sounds like, just fancy every third or fifth man in New York going about firing giant torpedoes all day and night. These terrible inflictions, the drivers, are quite picturesque. They wear red waistcoats as a rule, and invariably sport tall hats of some shiny material that looks like patent-leather. Their hat-bands are often of metal silvered or gilded. They are a pestiferous lot, as noisy with their mouths as with their whip-lashes, and though I had no quarrel with any, I heard of or saw quarrels between them and their fares on all sides. They have no silly scruples against a battle of tongues with a woman, and the American ladies in Paris were often quite terrorized by these noisy malcontents.

There are few, if any, hansoms in Paris, the small open barouche being the favored public conveyance. To see a



AN INTERNATIONAL DIFFICULTY.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.



FISHING ON THE BANKS OF THE SEINE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.

myriad of these flitting about at night is like looking at a festival of lanterns. In places Paris is brilliantly lighted by masses of lights, always gas-lights; but in the open places, like parts of the Champs Élysées, where the foliage flings dense shadows, the lamps of the cabs produce a beautiful effect. 'Buses are plenty, but lest the driver should fail to make the necessary amount of noise with his whip and voice, he is re-enforced by the use of a horn fixed beneath his foot-board, and worked by a sort of bellows process. An expert driver is therefore able to make three sorts of noises at once. In Paris the public vehicles are too few and too slow. Paris is as far behind London in means of public conveyance as London is behind New York.

They have an extraordinary way of bothering the public at the fixed stands of the cars and 'buses. There numbered tickets are distributed to those who wait. When a 'bus or horse-car comes, an official stands in its doorway, and calls out the numbers following those of the passengers in the preceding conveyance. My companion, the Major, never could familiarize himself with the sounds of French numerals, and on the only two occasions that I knew him to ride in a 'bus, he discovered late in the performance that, though he was entitled to an early choice of a seat, half a load had gotten on ahead of him. The result of his displaying his ticket then can better be imagined than described.

As a rule, the wheeled vehicles of Paris are very different from those we use here. It is a common thing to see men, and even women, dragging little carts by means of a sort of harness of straps. The most gaudy and impressive wagons in Paris are the coal carts, which are somewhat like the great modern enclosed furniture vans we see in New York. They are gaudily painted and lettered in gold. The 'buses and cars are two-storied, of course, and we see them practically as they are there in the new patterns of the Fifth Avenue stages.

In a hundred features the scenes are peculiar. The little iron kiosks along the curbs of the main avenues, used for the sale of newspapers or flowers; the howling dog-sellers dragging motley herds of canines, each by a separate strap; the workmen in blue blouses advertising their worldly condition in their clothing; the men pulling lengths of hose about on tiny little wheels to freshen the grass and flowers; the policemen standing about in the uniform of soldiers; the soldiers in their ridiculous baggy breeches, and seeming in the main to be rude and clumsy peasant youths, undersized and stupid-looking; the news-venders going about with their papers displayed upon poles, and forbidden to call the news lest they excite the populace or become the mouth-pieces of revolutionists; the public conveniences that are so practical as to startle some visitors, while shocking others—these are a few of the notable oddities to a stranger of the scenes in the Paris streets.

The cartoons and pictures in the weekly papers are publicly posted on the kiosks, and are such as to shock even a calloused American sensibility. The legends and dialogues beneath these pictures are apt to be tenfold more disreputable. This is but one revelation of a state of public morals that is unworthy a great nation, if not impossible of coexistence with greatness. But there are too many other symptoms of this same disease, and even if my readers did not already know what they are, their enumeration is neither profitable nor proper.

For all that has made Paris beloved and famous, there is nothing that has not been said to the point of tiresomeness. It is indeed a majestic and a magnificent city—a city of almost theatrical beauty, of noble streets, of palaces, of lovely parks littered with fountains and statuary, of extraordinary public comforts. The great pleasure-ground through the heart of the town, the seats along the boulevards, the marvellous taste in public ornamentation and display, the perfect public cleanliness—all these points of her superiority to any city we know in America are frankly acknowledged. The Seine embankments and the beautiful bridges across the river have never received the praise they deserve. On the Seine I noted what I had never read of—the long lines of floating baths side by side with laundries for the poor. I noticed also the constant signs, *Ustensiles de Pêche*, and the people fishing from the banks. Never anywhere did I see a more fascinating urban picture than that which is witnessable every night in summer on such thoroughfares as the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard Capucins, where the patrons of the brilliantly lighted cafés are seated around their little iron tables three or four rows deep, along the sidewalks in the open air. Such confidence in the weather as finds testimony in the general habit of dining and drinking out-of-doors is as marvellous to an American as the pictures the habit creates are fascinating. The climate and skies are very like our own, particularly in summer, when the days are intensely hot and the nights are cool. The city is naturally a New-Yorker's paradise, and every New-Yorker feels very much at home there. It is not that it is possible to compare the two cities, and yet the points of resemblance are not few. There are tiny bits of New York, like Madison Square, that are extremely Parisian. So it came that one New-Yorker over there said to me, "I don't know how to explain it, but the only thing here that seems foreign is the language."

NEW DESIGNS FOR UNITED STATES COINS.

As is not apt to happen with indefinitely suspended action in national schemes, the arrested course in securing new designs for the United States coinage has directed to this subject a much more lively and general consideration than it has received at any previous time. A season of thinking and a comparative study of thought has been naturally determined, which, no one doubts, will be attended by advantage before anything further in the case is attempted.

As will be remembered, the circular letter of invitation to compete in preparing designs for coins, issued by the government through the Bureau of the Mint on April 4th, was received by eleven New York artists. These are Augustus St. Gaudens, J. Q. A. Ward, Daniel C. French, Olin Warner, Herbert Adams, Charles H. Niehaus, Frederick MacMonnies, Kenyon Cox, Will H. Low, H. S. Mowbray, and Miss Louise Lawson. The objections of the artists named to the conditions of the competition were signified in united action. In a letter addressed to the Director of the Mint, to which were attached their several signatures, the reasons for dissatisfaction were explicitly stated. The conditions required that the designs shall be presented in the form of models or medallions in plaster, with separate designs for the obverse and reverse of the silver dollar, and separate designs for the obverse only of the half-dollar, quarter-dollar, and dime. The time, limited to June 1st, when each of the models was required complete was considered insufficient for any possibility of good result, and the award, not to exceed $500 for any accepted design, too insignificant, while competent judgment in making the awards was not assured. The fact was then unknown to these artists that about two thousand copies of the circular were sent out, to all artists, sculptors, engravers, and relief-designers in the United States whose addresses could be obtained by the Bureau of the Mint. Under these conditions nearly three hundred designs were submitted, among which the commission appointed to examine this work found nothing which could be properly accepted. A new plan for obtaining the designs, made necessary by this result, is yet undetermined. The interval is found suitable for the cultivation of intelligent ideas on the subject, which can be best aided by men familiar with such traditions and knowledge of principles as should influence the designing of an artistic currency, and some of whose ideas are given further on.

The well-founded report that Mr. St. Gaudens recently gave his positive decision to the Director of the Mint that he would be unable to engage in any manner in the preparation of the contemplated models or sketches for coins has been heard with general regret. The hope of some possible future change of this self-excluding plan is nevertheless entertained among artists, especially in view of the government being considerably delayed in any new course of action. The attention of this artist to the subject of designs for the proposed new silver coinage is that of a non-participant, in which position a glimpse of his views is more than ordinarily of interest.

"In this case," he considers, "a limited competition might be a better plan than that of depending on any single artist. From the fact that some artists have ideas which they are unable to carry out, it might be well to ask several to send in designs. Some of the designers who cannot model might contribute good ideas to be put in the hands of others. Under this arrangement only sketch designs would be required. The competitors in a selection of this kind should be well paid. An ample remuneration would prevent an artist from feeling that if unsuccessful his time is to be completely lost. In no other way can the services of men of any standing and prominence be secured.

"The making of the several designs should not be hurried. In the beginning the work might be limited to a single coin. This would be simply tentative, while also the design of only some one of the minor pieces.

"The coinage should be certainly in the hands of an artist capable of doing the work well, and the only means of getting such a one is through the offer of proper reward. Every possible concession should be made, and no effort spared to reduce to a minimum the sacrificing of the artistic side of the work to the mechanical necessities and technical requirements. The system of issues as well as the handling with facility of large sums of money in coins, as in the banks of the nation, must be considered. A certain quality of relief, for example, may in some appreciable degree affect the exceeding rapidity with which coins are struck, and which is of importance. None of the modern technical requirements can be disregarded, even the most remarkable—like that of the uniformity by which, I have understood, the banker is able to estimate vast amounts by the trick of running the thumb-nail alongside a pile of coins. On both sides some concessions will be necessary. This makes the problem an interesting one for the artist to struggle with. Some of the French have struggled with it most successfully. In the present effort to secure models of artistic beauty for our coinage the government is deserving of praise rather than blame. An altogether wisely directed action is in progress under difficulties not fairly appreciated. As much as it may appear otherwise, a decidedly good step has been taken. The intelligence and the proper spirit of the Director of the Mint would be acknowledged by any person knowing his views on this subject.

"The coinage, as must be admitted, is something of an indication of the condition of art and of the artistic character of a people. Ineptness of design is what makes our coinage the worst in the world. The work shows the inferior artist, and is without character. There is no question that a good coin can be made from the existing elements—the figure of Liberty, the eagle, etc.—limiting the subject in the present device. But broadening the field would greatly increase the chances of obtaining new, original, and forcible work."

As Mr. Will H. Low concludes: "The first qualification of an artist for such a task is a capacity to conceive a design at once appropriate in subject and meeting the requirements of a design for coinage. Next is the capacity of execution; and modern coinage, with its excessive lowness of relief, which, in order to facilitate the piling of coins one upon another, must everywhere be less than the height of the milled edge, presents difficulties requiring the greatest exactitude and nicety of execution to overcome—the power to express by a simple and severe silhouette the entire *intention* of the design, irrespective of light and shade possible in works of greater projection. A knowledge of antique coins and medals is also exceedingly desirable, for in the multitude of these which are preserved we have examples of nearly every possible composition within a circle,